

THE
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE:
 OR,
MONTHLY MUSEUM
 OF
KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.

No. IV.] FOR JULY, 1795. [Vol. VII.

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WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

EDITED BY THADDEUS M. HARRIS.

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 GENTLEMEN who receive Subscriptions for this WORK.

MDCCLXCV.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor has taken the liberty of omitting some verses of Leander's which were defective, and of making an alteration in the first of those he retains.

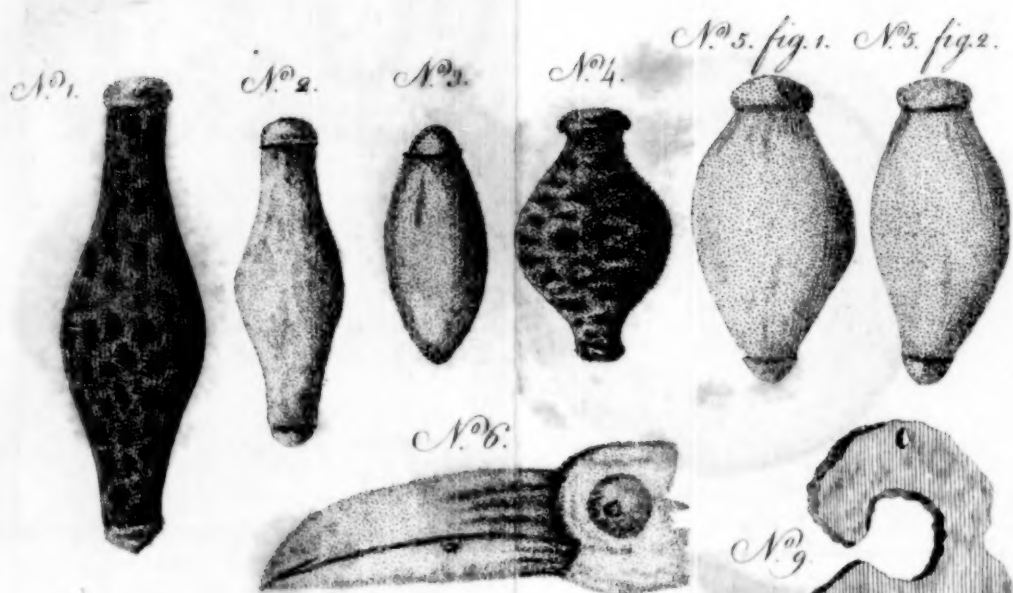
The VIIth number of the *Investigator* is inserted, as a fragment ; but the *ode* connected with it, through want of poetical merit, was inadmissible. Perhaps the writer may find an advantage in consulting, in his future communications, a greater coherence of sentences and descriptions.

The political harangue from R. I. Col. is not calculated for the Magazine. The Editor (to use the orthography of the piece) is "perswaded," indeed, it would be "audacious" to "spurn" at *general* information, lest he "sacrifice" the credit of his work ; but in *politics* he "revears" "an honest newtrality."

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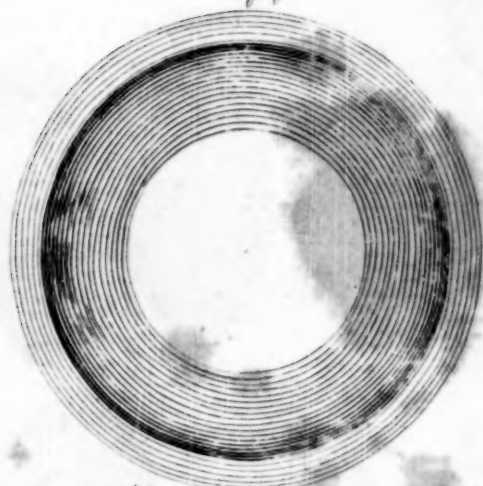
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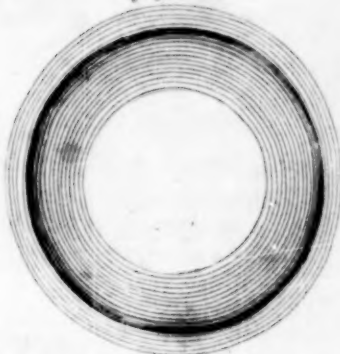


American Antiquities

Mafsa Mag. 1795



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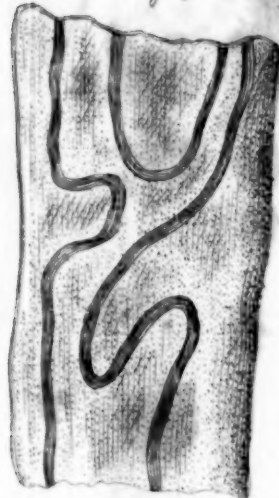
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N^o 8. fig. 2.



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N^o. fig. 2.



Antiquities.



THE
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE

FOR JULY 1705

For the MASSACHUSETTS
AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

[The Editor has been favoured by the Rev. Dr. BELKNAP with the interesting communications. And has caused an engraving to be of several articles, reduced to one third of the size of Mr. SARGENT

No. I.

Copy of a Letter in "the Centinel of the
North Western Territory." No. 43 of
vol. 1. printed at Cincinnati.

IN the future page of the faithful historian posterity will with pleasure trace the rise and progress of settlement—the arts and sciences &c. &c. in this western world ; the observation of their fathers will furnish the proper documents ;—more however is expected from them ; they are known, (in no inconsiderable proportion) to be endowed with very liberal education ; their understandings enlarged by converse with mankind, and amply capacitated to reap in the luxuriant fields of information, and possess themselves of the very gleanings also. All the atlantic states of America, and the old world have with wonder, heard the story of extensive works of art in this territory.

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Mafsa Mag. 1795

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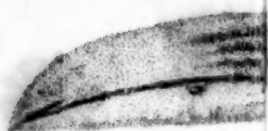
N^o 2.



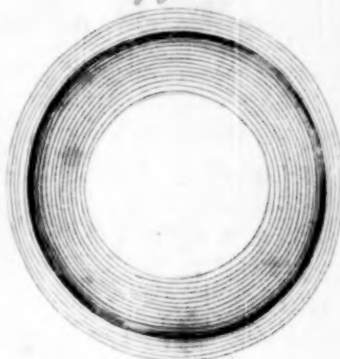
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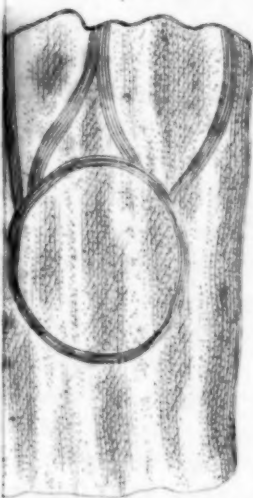
N^o 8 fig. 2.



N^o 10 fig. 1.



N^o 11 fig. 2.





THE
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE,

FOR JULY, 1795.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.
AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

[The Editor has been favoured by the Rev. Dr. BELKNAP with the following interesting communications. And has caused an engraving to be executed of the several articles, reduced to one third of the size of Mr. SARGENT's draught.]

No. I.

Copy of a Letter in "the Centinel of the North Western Territory." No. 43 of vol. I. printed at Cincinnati.

IN the future page of the faithful historian posterity will with pleasure trace the rise and progress of settlement—the arts and sciences &c. &c. in this western world; the observation of their fathers will furnish the proper documents;—more however is expected from them; they are known, (in no inconsiderable proportion) to be endowed with very liberal education; their understandings enlarged by converse with mankind, and amply capacitated to reap in the luxuriant fields of information, and possess themselves of the very gleanings also. All the atlantic states of America, and the old world have with wonder, heard the story of extensive works of art in this territo-

ry—of ancient fortifications and stupendous mounds of earth, the vestiges of immense population and infinitely greater share of science than is possessed by the present "red people:" Who then were the authors, is the question that is proposed—and when, and where did they migrate: a careful collection and general deposit of all the tools, implements, and utensils of the antique inhabitants which have or may be discovered, by affording the opportunity of comparing their analogy with those of the Mexicans and others would very much elucidate this subject: the subscriber offers himself to be aiding to the best of his ability;—He will cheerfully receive all such as shall be presented to him, and make a drawing and description thereof to remain in the territory for the satisfaction of the curious.—The originals with the names of the donors to
be

be sent on to the academy of arts and sciences, historical society, university of Cambridge in Massachusetts or philosophical society in Philadelphia—at their election—Those public places for deposit are preferred, private museums seldom being of more than momentary duration.

From the old Indian grave opened at Cincinnati upon the 30th ult; some matters curious and novel have been handed by Capt. Jeffers, Mr. Goudy, Mr. Mitchel, Mr. Watt and Mr. Garrison to the subscriber, and he is very much obliged thereby—sundry articles taken out at the same time he is informed are in the possession of individuals from whom and for the purposes before mentioned he would gratefully receive them.

The mammoth, or big-boned animal, the bones of which have been discovered in various parts of the territory, is a subject that engages the attention of naturalists in America and Europe, and a perfect skeleton thereof is amongst the desiderata—the subscriber will thankfully receive such of the bones as may contribute to accomplish this object: he wishes very much, also to obtain

Vocabularies of the languages of the different Indian nations.

A catalogue of the quadrupeds and birds, with information of their manners and food.

And of the insects—with remarks when and how they are injurious to forest, fruit trees and other vegetables.

Also of the fish of the different rivers, and specimens of the shells.

Specimens of ores and clays.

And information upon a variety

of other subjects specified and explained in the following copy of a letter and its accompaniment lately received from the Historical society.*

WINTHROP SARGENT.

No. II.

“A drawing of some † utensils or ornaments taken from an old Indian grave at Cincinnati, county of Hamilton, and territory of the United States N. W. of the river Ohio in August 1794; together with the copy of a letter in connexion with the same, addressed to the Rev. Mr. Belknap, Boston, state of Massachusetts, to be communicated and disposed of as he may see fit and proper.

From his friend,

WINTHROP SARGENT.

Copy of a Letter to ———, accompanying the annexed drawing.

Cincinnati, Sept. 8, 1794.

I have the pleasure, my dear Sir, to transmit you a drawing of some matters more extraordinary than have heretofore come under my observation, in all the researches into the antiquities of this country. The multiplicity of my avocations leaves not leisure for more than rough delineation, and you must be content to receive them, in that style. I possess all the originals, and intend by some safe conveyance presenting them to the philosophical society. Should they believe them of importance enough for a deposit of my disposition to promote the purpose of their institution. The drawing perhaps is too imperfect to stand the test of criticism, and it might not be prudent to hazard it to

* Here followed the articles upon which the Massachusetts Historical Society request information.

† Some small quantity of rich lead ore and talc orising-glass, in considerable sheets found in the grave.

to their view; your judgment however shall govern, but at any rate shew it to my friend M.

It may be proper to add, that the body with which this collection was interred was found lying in nearly a horizontal position, about four feet from the surface of the earth, with the head toward the setting sun; and at the S. W. side of, and about 15 feet from an extensive artificial mound of earth, raised probably for the purpose of a burial ground, upon the margin of the second bank of the Ohio river, suddenly rising fifty feet above the first, and now elevated in the extreme eight feet from the general level of the same, with a gradual slope in the various directions, and a base of about 120 by 60 feet. One of the main streets of the town passes through the western part of this grave, and in the frequent repairs of the acclivity, human bones have often been found.

You have I think heretofore been told by me, that there are, and perhaps received a sketch of very extensive ancient fortifications at Cincinnati, not regular as those at Muskingum, but worthy of notice.

I should not omit to mention to you, that upon this mound are the stumps of oak trees four feet diameter, and within four feet of the place whence my collection has been made is one of years of age. Many in its vicinity that might have been of more dimensions are removed by the opening of the street. In addition to the matters of which you have the drawing, were several utensils or ornaments lost or mislaid—If hereafter they come to my view you shall receive information.

I have the honor to be, &c.

WINTHROP SARGENT.

EXPLANATIONS.

No. 1. A stone, or composition, hard and ponderous. Superficies as smooth and regular, almost, as if finished in a turner's lathe. Mixed colors of black and white, or grey.

2. Do. do. of verditer color throughout.

3. A crystalline substance as regularly wrought as the preceding, and of some considerable degree of transparency.

4. As No. 1. Mixed black and yellow colors.

5. Probably a composition ponderous, and of dark color like black glazed potters ware. Seems to have been hardened by the fire, and unequally compressed in the operation. Two views are presented better to shew this effect.

6. A representation of the bill of some bird not now known in this country.

7. A regular, circular, figure, of rusty black color; tolerably well polished, and not unlike ebony in appearance, but much less ponderous. Probably either a coal, or a composition. Fig. 2. shews a segment of the same, its exterior and interior dimensions; and the groove, or place for a band. At the dotted lines † are perforations about a line diameter, which, it would seem, were intended to secure it upon a large axis.

8. Also a circular figure. Yellowish color. Appears to have been hardened by the sun or fire, and glazed; probably for similar uses with the last described. A double number of small perforations noted by dotted lines. † Fig. 2. shews a segment of the same.

9. A piece of thin sheet copper. Two perforations described in the drawing. A roughness upon one edge,

† As these are not in the drawing, the Editor knows not where to place them.

edge, and some deficiencies, also, produced by mouldering in the earth.

10. A piece of sheet, or plate, copper, which seems to have been wrought into an ornament for the hair: this however is only conjecture. Fig. 2. shews the back and folding parts, with four perforations. Fig. 1. is intended to give

an idea of the other side, which is swelled, longitudinally, into three pipes, or divisions, enclosed, and now very much mouldered; as is indeed the whole figure. And this seems to destroy the idea of its being originally meant as a mere hair ornament.

11. Two sides of a bone, with the hieroglyphics on each."

READING MEMORANDUMS.

(Continued from page 183.)

VII.

W I G S.

SAXTON, king Henry the Eighth's fool, is the first person recorded to have worn a wig in England; and this wig, from some tradition concerning the wearer, appears to have been long and flowing hair, with *verie manie curles downe the backe*. The size is rather corroborated by the sum it cost; for in an account of the treasurer of the chambers, in the reign of Henry VIII, now extant, there is the following memorandum, viz. "*Paid for a wig for Saxton, the king's foole, twentie shillings.*"

VIII.

ORIGIN of the Title of DAUPHIN of France.

IN the times of the feudal system, the kingdom of France was divided into many petty sovereignties, as the empire of Germany is at present. Humbert, or Hubert II. the Count of Dauphiny, married in 1332, Mary de Baux, who was allied to the house of France, and by her he had an only son. One day, it is said, being playing with this child at Lyons, he let him accidentally fall into the Rhone, in which he was drowned. From that fatal period, he was a prey to all the horrors of grief;

and feeling moreover a deep resentment for the affronts he had received from the house of Savoy, he resolved to give his dominions to that of France. This cession, made in 1343, to Philip of Valois, was confirmed in 1349, on condition that the eldest sons of the kings of France, should bear the title of Dauphin. Philip, in gratitude for a cession, which thus united Dauphiny to the crown, gave the donor 40,000 crown pieces of gold, and a pension of 10,000 livres. Humbert next entered among the Dominicans; and on Christmas day 1351, received all the sacred orders from the hands of Pope Clement VI, who created him Patriarch of Alexandria, and gave him the administration of the Archbishoprick of Rheims. Humbert passed the remainder of his days in tranquillity and in the exercises of piety, and died at the age of 43, at Clermont, in the province of Auvergne.

IX.

Curious Circumstances relating to Printing, Engraving, Paper, &c.

[Extracted from Observations on the Origin of Printing, by Ralph Willet, Esq. F. A. R. S.]

MR. Willet ascribes the invention of printing by metal moveable types to the Germans.

The

The earliest edition of the Bible was for some time supposed to be 1462.

De Bure mentions two editions of an earlier date, viz. from 1450 to 1455.

Heinikin has discovered another earlier copy, which he places between 1450, and 1452.

Mr. Schellthom has also found some letters from Pope Nicholas V. printed by Fust and Schoeffer, in 1454.

The first Greek characters, and they are very awkward ones, occur in Tully's Offices, in 1465.

The art of engraving is illustrated by the Speculum, a work printed on wooden types, about 1445, in which there are many prints.

Mr. Rogers has a print dated 1467.

Mr. Willet has one of 1466, and 1468.

The heifer's head on the paper supposed to have been used by Fust, and generally considered as characteristic of his performances, is found on the paper of many old prints. But Fust may have supplied this paper, or a mark used originally by him may have been afterwards imitated to deceive.

Mr. Schoen, and the two Israels have been incontestibly the first engravers whose names are recorded.

The first edition of the game of chess was printed in 1474 : in the second edition which soon succeeded we find the same date in a cypher.

Various Methods of taking Spots and Stains out of Wearing Apparel.

IN stains made by wines, the stuff ought, if possible, to be immediately steeped in clear water, the stain rubbed out with a clean linen cloth, and the stuff dried by a gentle heat. If after this, the color of the stuff is found to have suffered a little, a clean linen rag, wetted with a little spirit salammoniack prepared with spirit of wine, is to be taken, and the spot rubbed with it for some time with great care. In many cases, a drachm of salt of tartar, dissolved in an ounce of pure water, will answer the same purpose, on the stain being rubbed with a rag wetted with it. For fear of damaging the stuff, a previous trial may be made upon a piece of it, or upon a very small stain, in order to see which of these two remedies answers the purpose best. The same method of procedure is to be followed in every respect for stains made with vinegar. But on the contrary, in case of stains

made by wine, wine-vinegar, or the juice of lemons must be used.

Yellow iron moulds are taken out of linen in the following manner ; the spot is wetted with water, and according to the size of it, one or two drops of spirit of salt are let fall on it, and gently rubbed with the finger when this has been done for some minutes, the stain is washed out with clean water, if necessary, the same procedure is repeated once more. In order to accelerate the effect the spot thus wetted may be held over boiling water. Instead of spirit of salt, the juice of lemons or salt or sorrel may be used with the assistance of heat. Either of these ingredients also may be used for stains made by ink. The cheapest material and which is just as efficacious as any other is aqua fortis. One or two drops let fall upon an ink spot, previously wetted with water only dissolves it completely.

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS on CANDOUR.

LOOKING over Doddsley's Collection of Poems, I met with the following little ode, which, though there is nothing more than a prettiness in the versification, contains such an uncommon degree of benignity in the sentiment, as must fill every reader with the highest admiration, for the excellence of the writer's heart.

ODE TO CANDOUR.

The dearest friend I ever found,
My bitterest foe I see;
The fondest maid I ever lov'd,
Is false to love and me.
Yet shall I urge the rising vow,
That tempts my wav'ring mind;
Shall dark suspicion cloud my brow,
And bid me shun mankind?
Avaunt thou hell-born fiend—no more
Presume my steps to guide;
Let me be cheated o'er and o'er,
But let me still confide.
If this be folly, all my claim
To wisdom I resign;
But let no sage pretend to name,
His happiness with mine.

Nothing is more customary with most people than to exclaim at once against the whole world, when they, from an injudicious choice in friendship or in love, meet with a mortifying disappointment. Such people are very apt to declare, that no consideration whatever, shall induce them to honour anybody with their good opinion a second time. In consequence of this strange resolution, they really act as if every body was totally unworthy of a place in their esteem, and make the behaviour of a single individual, an invariable standard for the integrity of the universe: they are therefore continually tortured with the severest pangs of anxiety and suspicion; wear away their existence openly at war with society, and die as much unlamented, as they have lived unbeloved.

PENETENTIAL SERVICE at BARCELONA.

From Townsend's Travels in Spain.

VISITING the churches at all hours whenever any service was performed, I made a party with some friends to hear a penitential service in the Convent of St. Felipe Neri, on Friday evening of April 28th, 1786. The first part of the Miserere was no sooner ended than the doors were shut, the lights were extinguished, and we remained in perfect darkness. At this moment, when the eye could no longer find an object to distract the mind, the attention was awakened by the voice of harmony, for the whole congregation joined in the Miserere, which they sung with pleasing solemnity; at first with soft and plaintive notes; but having laid bare their backs, and prepared them for the scourge, they all be-

gan nearly at the same instant to use the discipline; raising their voices and quickening the time, increasing by degrees both in velocity and violence, scourging themselves with greater vehemence as they proceeded, and singing louder and harsher, till, at the end of twenty minutes, all distinction of sound was lost, and the whole ended in one deep groan. Prepared as I had been to expect something terrible, yet this so far surpassed my expectation that my blood ran cold; and one of the company, not remarkable for sensibility of nerves, being thus taken by surprise, burst into tears. The discipline is repeated every Friday in the year, oftener in Lent, and is their daily practice during the Holy Week.

A REMARKABLE MONUMENT.

From Memoirs of the Year Two Thousand Five Hundred.

AS I came out of the temple, they conducted me to a place not far distant, to see a monument lately erected. It was of marble; it excited my curiosity, and inspired me with a desire to see through that veil of emblems with which it was surrounded. They would not explain it; but left me the pleasure and reputation of the discovery.

A commanding figure attracted my regard: by the sweet majesty of its countenance, by the dignity of its stature, and by the attributes of peace and concord, I saw that it was sacred Humanity. It was surrounded by other kneeling statues, representing women in the attitude of grief and remorse. Alas! this emblem was not difficult to explain; they represented the nations demanding pardon of Humanity for the cruel wounds they had given her during the last twenty centuries.—France, on her knees, implored pardon for the horrible night of St. Bartholomew, for the cruel revocations of the edict of Nantes, and for the persecution of those fates that sprung upon her bosom. How, with her gentle aspect, could she ever commit such foul crimes! England abjured her fanaticism, her two roses, and stretched out her hand to philosophy; she promised to shed no blood but that of tyrants. Holland detested the parties of Gomar and Arminius, and the punishment of the virtuous Barnevelt. Germany concealed her haughty front, and saw with horror the history of her intestine divisions, and of her frantic theologic rage, that was so remarkably contrasted by the natural coldness of her constitution. Poland beheld, with indignation, those despicable confeder-

Vol. VII.

B

ates, who, in my days, tore her entrails, and renewed the atrocities of the croisades. Spain, still more criminal than her sisters, groaned at the thought of having covered the new continent with thirty-five millions of carcases, with having pursued the deplorable remains of a thousand nations into the depths of forests, and into the caverns of rocks, and having taught animals, less ferocious than themselves, to drink human blood. Spain may sigh and supplicate her fill, but never ought to hope for pardon; the punishment of so many wretches condemned to the mines ought forever to be urged against her. The statuary had represented several mutilated slaves, who, looking up to heaven, cried for vengeance. We retired with terror; we seemed to hear their cries. The figure of Spain was composed of a marble veined with blood; and those frightful streaks are as indelible as the memory of her crimes.

At a distance was seen the figure of Italy, the original cause of so many evils, the first source of those furies that have covered the two worlds. She was prostrate, her face against the earth; she stifled with her feet the flaming torch of excommunication; she seemed fearful to solicit her pardon. I would have examined her aspect more closely; but, on a near approach, I found a thunderbolt that lately fell had blackened her visage, and destroyed all her features.

Radiant humanity raised her pathetic front amidst all these humble and humiliated figures. I remarked that the statuary had given her the features of that free and courageous nation, who broke the chains of

of

of tyrants: the hat of the great Tell adorned her head, and formed the most respectable diadem that ever bound the brows of a monarch. She smiled upon august philosophy, her sister, whose pure hands were spread toward heaven, by whom she was received with the highest complacency.

In going from this place, I observed toward the right, on a magnificent pedestal, the figure of a negro; his head was bare, his arm extended, his eye fierce, his attitude noble and commanding; round him were spread the broken relics of twenty sceptres; and at his feet I read these words: "To the avenger of the new world."

I cried out with surprise and joy. "Yes," they said, with equal rapture: "Nature has at last produced this wonderful man, this immortal man, who was to deliver a world from the most outrageous, the most inveterate and atrocious tyranny. His sagacity, his valour, his patience, his fortitude, and virtuous vengeance, have been rewarded; he has broke asunder the chains of all his countrymen. So vast a number of slaves, oppressed by the most odious servitude, seemed but to wait his signal to become

so many heroes. Not the torrent that breaks the dykes, nor the bursting thunder, have a more sudden, or more violent effect. At the same instant, they poured forth the blood of all their tyrants: French, Spanish, English, Dutch, and Portuguese, all became a prey to the sword, to fire, and poison. The soil of America drank with avidity that blood for which it had so long thirsted; and the bones of their ancestors cowardly butchered, seemed to rise up and leap for joy.

"The natives have reassumed their unalienable rights, as they were those of nature. This heroic venger has given liberty to a world, of which he is the titular deity; and the other world has decreed him crowns and homages. He came like the storm which extends itself over some criminal city that the thunder is ready to destroy; he was the exterminating angel, to whom God resigned his sword of justice; he has shewn, by this example, that, sooner or later, cruelty will be punished; and that Providence keeps in reserve such mighty souls, to send them upon the earth, that they may restore that equilibrium which the iniquity of ferocious ambition had destroyed.

On E D U C A T I O N.

AS no subject is of greater importance than education, so none has more employed the attention and labors of the learned and ingenious in all the civilized ages and countries of the world. The writers upon this interesting subject in our own language are so exceedingly numerous, that there seems now scarcely any thing left to be said new upon it. To repeat the remarks of others, by a

fresh writer upon education, would be an unnecessary and impertinent intrusion upon the public attention, and to boast novelties would indicate a mind more replete with conceit than judgment, and that the author is directed not so much by experience as by the heat of imagination.

Nothing can be more easy than to invent plans apparently of general utility, and nothing is more difficult.

difficult than to carry them into execution. The truth of this remark cannot be evidenced better than in the article which I have made the subject of this paper. The projectors of new methods of instructing youth have been so many, and their success has generally proved so different from their pretensions, that it would be almost hazarding a person's literary reputation to venture into so dangerous a channel as that of experiment.

While, therefore, I venture to present my thoughts upon this hackneyed topic to the public consideration without complacency, I do it without apprehension: for as my paper assumes no merit from the novelty of its subject, or in the manner of treating it, so neither is it calculated to excite suspicions in the minds of the judicious by the pretence of invention.

Education cannot be begun too early, continued with too much perseverance, nor occupy too long a period of time. Children are very soon capable of discipline, and as soon as they feel sensible of the power of authority, they are rendered capable of acquiring the first rudiments of knowledge. Those parents, therefore, who desire that their children shall, by their improvement in behaviour and learning, render them happy, ought, as early as possible, to mix parental authority with parental fondness. By no means, nor at any time, should the child be enabled to separate the one from the other. It is surprising how quick the infantile discernment is, and more particularly so into its parent's temper, and the easiest way of gaining an ascendancy over it. The parental authority should never be relaxed by the importunity, or other little cunning arts, of the

child; for if it is thus suffered to be wrought upon, the child will in future presume upon its power of persuasion or artifice, to commit offences without the apprehension of punishment.

The fixing a deep impression of the sense of authority on the young mind, is the principal point in early education. I am no advocate for oppressing children's minds with tedious lessons, and rules to be acquired by heart. In some cases, where such a course has been severely pursued, the young minds have, unhappily, been rendered averse for ever to books, and to method of all kinds. I am thoroughly convinced, that a very principal part of the neglect and contempt which are so generally thrown upon the very best of books, the Sacred Scriptures, owe their origin to the early and indiscriminate use of them in schools. Various parts of the Bible are improper for the perusal of youth, as tending either to corrupt or to perplex their ideas, by the nature of their relations, or the abstruseness of their reasonings. And as we are, in general, very apt to despise, or at least to look upon with an indifference bordering upon contempt, the objects of our juvenile exercises and amusement, it is therefore not to be wondered at that the Bible, being considered as an hackneyed school-book, should come in for a share of this contempt or negligence. I have oftentimes been struck with indignation, upon entering a school, to see in what an irreverent dirty manner the Bibles and Testaments have been treated. The Mahometans ought to be our examples in this case, by the becoming regard which all ranks of them evidence for their Alcoran; and I could wish that these few hints may be the means, in some degree, of securing

ing the first and best of books from the profanation which children are early initiated into the practice of throwing upon it. There are elementary books in our language more than sufficient to supercede the necessity of using the sacred volume as a common school book.

Many of those books adapted to the use of children which have been published of late years, are much better calculated for the service intended than the scripture, because they are plain, and written in an easy familiar and engaging method; levelled to their understandings, and rendered pleasant to their fancies.

I am of opinion, that the Latin grammar should not be put into the hands of a child, at least till he is ten years of age. Every person knows that the trammels of grammatical learning are none of them the most pleasant, nor very easy to be understood. Grammar rules may be imprinted, it is true, pretty deep in the memory even of very young minds; but the reasons of them, and their adaption to the knowledge of a language and its elegancies, are not to be acquired in the same ready manner, since herein an accuteness and a taste are requisite, which fall not to the lot of the general body of mankind.

There are so very few persons generally considered, who retain that knowledge of the classics which they have acquired at the grammar-school, or, indeed, any tolerable part of it, shews that the universal importance which has been affixed to a classical education, is of a very equivocal nature. For my part, when I perceive so many boys drudging away seven, or perhaps a greater number of years, in the acquisition of the rules of a difficult

and dead language, for which they will never have the most trifling occasion during the rest of their lives, it never, or rarely fails exciting in me emotions of pity and indignation. No one (not even Mr. Knox himself, who is without doubt the best English writer upon education) can have a more ardent love for the Latin and Greek languages than I have; no one has a greater relish for their beauties, nor a more profound admiration of the Grecian and Roman writers; and yet that partiality which I feel for them, does not make me blind to the absurdity of sacrificing the time of boys to the study of them, whose destination in life will never call for their use, and whose capacities are not adequate to their proper reception.

I shall ever remain of opinion till I see something more convincing said to the contrary than hath hitherto come within the circle of my reading, that the education of all young persons should be entirely adapted to their future destinations in life. At the first indeed, I readily allow that the education of all must be equal in the same articles and degrees; but at the period when it may be supposed some thoughts are conceived, both by their friends and by themselves, of what occupations they will in future exercise in life, then should their studies be devoted to such objects as may render them proper persons to fill those occupations. I know many tradesmen and merchants who, notwithstanding their having had the benefit of what is, foolishly enough called a liberal education, have entirely forgot the little Latin and Greek they were taught at school, and what is worse are quite ignorant of many branches of knowledge which it is absolutely necessary

necessary such persons should be acquainted with.

We are, in general, deceived into the most absurd notion, that the acquisition of the learned languages is the grand point to be aimed at in the education of youth, and that all the other branches of instruction are of little consequence when compared to this. It should, however, be very seriously considered, that the greatest possible advantage resulting from this part of knowledge, are of very little, if any, significance in the commerce of life; and that they can only make the person who enjoys it an object of esteem or admiration to a very confined set of his fellow creatures; whereas those articles which are sacrificed to the study of it, will be found necessary to him almost every day, and in every connection of his life, in fact, therefore, the classical part of education, if I may so express myself, ought to be esteemed at this period of time as a secondary object, and the prejudices which have hitherto been too generally attached to it, should be transferred to those points which have been commonly considered as its subordinates.

"Which is preferable in respect of advantages to the pupil, an education at a public or private seminary?" has been long a celebrated question, and engaged the consideration of some of the very best writers, antient as well as modern. It would be rash and presumptuous, I apprehend, for any person to pronounce a positive determination upon it, because there may be circumstances which may render either of the modes the most eligible. As, however, those authors who have taken up the cause in favour of the public education, have been the most numerous, and also the most dog-

matical. I shall here just consider two of the most weighty and plausible reasons which have been generally alledged to support that side of the question, and upon which the best writer upon the subject, Mr. Knox, has laid a more than ordinary stress.

The two advantages alledged are, "the spirit of emulation which, it is supposed, will actuate boys at a public seminary;—and, the beneficial connections which they may probably make there."

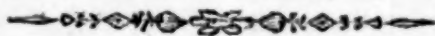
The first, it must be confessed, is a very valuable consideration, and cannot be too much attended to, either by the friends or the instructors of youth. An ambition to excel is the best stimulus that can possibly actuate the human breast, as it facilitates industry and makes the object attained more permanent in the mind. May not, however, this noble spirit be as effectually promoted and successfully answered in a seminary where there are but, six, four, or even two pupils, as in one where there are an hundred?—Indeed I am of opinion, that this desirable end may be much better obtained in the small than in the large circle! for where the boys are so numerous, there will necessarily, be counter forces; that is, though a boy may be stimulated to honourable exertions by the examples of some of his school fellows, yet it is as probable that he will be confirmed in habits of indolence and vice, by the more numerous examples around him. Besides, as the tutor cannot attend to the encouragement of this virtuous principle so minutely as is necessary to carry it into full and successful force, when he hath a very large number of pupils, there will, of course, prove to be a greater balance in favour of the private, or rather small seminary, than in the public,

public, or large one; with respect to those benefits expected from the first reason.

As to that of "making beneficial connections;" it is, at the very best, but a mean and unworthy consideration; and I cannot prevail upon myself to believe that any parent who can afford to give his child a good education would be actuated by such a degrading motive. This, indeed, would be to destroy that principle which is contended for in the preceding reason, as it would be one of the greatest inlets to meanness and vice by rendering young persons of inferior fortunes sinfully pliable and abjectly supple to their superiors. If such an interested mode of behavior were to be taught them (and it must be, in order to give this reason its due force) it would be the sure means of eradicating all the principles of a noble and generous virtue from their minds. To instil into them a proper respect for their

superiors, is proper; but to instruct them to be servile, to the great, from the selfish views of obtaining, in consequence of it, worldly distinctions and riches, would be to degrade them from the high character of rational men, to that mean one of abject slaves and sycophants.

Thus have I thrown out these few unconnected hints upon one of the most important and best of subjects that can engage the consideration of a thinking man. Though often treated, it is not yet exhausted; nor can it be as long as mankind exist in a state that proceeds gradually from imbecility to strength, and from ignorance to knowledge. Experience may add a greater strength to some of these ideas, and new observations may arise both upon them and others; at a future opportunity, therefore, I may again, through the same channel, touch this favourite and interesting subject.



The DELIGHTS of BENEVOLENCE.

(Continued from page 150.)

NOTWITHSTANDING Lady Frances was prepared by the cautions Recluse for what she might expect to meet with in the grove, she was really startled when the birds flew round her, fearless and unconscious of danger. Some had the boldness to perch upon her hat and shoulders; others hopped round her feet, pecking at her buckles. The recluse herself was covered with them; for it was about the time she generally fed them. Observing the timidity of Lady Frances was aroused by so uncommon a phenomenon, she led her immediately to her

cave: here she offered her a refreshment of dried fruits and milk. She then briefly informed her she had been a resident of the cave for more than thirty years;—that she had preferred it for the reasons assigned by Mrs. Lewes. "I discovered," she said, "the superstitious disposition of the people, which I considered as a sure bulwark against insult or impertinent curiosity. I have a small meadow for my cow; a small portion of land which I cultivate myself, and plant with turnips, potatoes, and other useful roots and vegetables. For my bread I go to the village

every

every week, and bring it, or any thing else that I want, which my little garden cannot furnish. I always avoid any converse; and indeed the people seem so much afraid of me, that I escape inquisitive questions: and I confess I should not have spoke to thee but from the attention thou paidst to my sheep: and I now tell thee, I shall be glad to see thee, provided thou wilt promise me two things;—The first is, if thou shouldst find me not in a humour to converse with thee (which thou shalt know from my retiring to that bower), that thou press me no further that day; the other is, that thou shalt not attempt to undeceive the people of my having dealing with familiars." This Lady Frances readily promised, and took leave of the recluse.

When lady Frances returned to the place where she had left the boy, she was shocked at his appearance. His countenance was altered, from terror. She inquired what was the matter with him. He told her he was afraid she never could get from the ghosts that were in the cave. "No! you never could indeed, my lady," said he, "if the sun had been down." "Oh!" said Lady Frances, "what barbarous cruelty, to poison the youthful mind with supernatural chimeras, to poison the expanding bud of young blooming joys with the dark blights of superstition!"

Lady Frances, much interested in the fate of her new friend, hoped to engage her again, if possible, in the bonds of society: but she knew that must be effected by imperceptible means, if effected at all. For that purpose, she made a point of informing herself of the little incidents that occurred in the village, and with the London newspapers would entertain her, and had the

pleasure sometimes to observe that her features would relax.

THE INQUIRY.

One morning perceiving lady Frances more serious than usual—"Have you nothing to tell me?" said she. "Nothing," said Lady Frances, "that can be agreeable to you in the relation, for it is of war, war the most horrid, where fathers, sons, brothers, and friends, indiscriminately fall by the hand of each other." The sensibility of Lady Frances predominated. She burst into tears.

The recluse started. "Who has fallen?" said she with wildness, "who has fallen? Oh! I know who it is—your love, your only love, has fallen in the dreadful struggle; but you will see him again—he comforted; he will visit you; for often does my Frederic descend from his triumphant car of fleecy clouds, and the moon's pale beams whisper, through the shivery leaves of aspen, peace to the soul of his beloved Adelaide." She retired to her bower. Lady Frances did not fail to return to her cave on the next day.

She found the recluse more composed than she expected.—"You left some papers here—I have read them." After a pause—"I find the sword of the warrior," said she in an animated tone, "I find the sword is unsheathed in every quarter of the globe; even from the neck of the placid Mexican time has worn the iron band of slavery, and he dares to contend with his proud oppressors for heaven-privileged freedom, the birthright of man. Tremble, tyranny, tremble. Justice again descends, and the scorpion rod drops from thy nerveless arm." Lady Frances was now convinced (of what she had all along suspected) that this lady was mourning

ing the loss of either a husband or lover ; and now flattered herself that a prospect appeared of her plan succeeding ; to forward which, she took every possible opportunity of leaving books as by accident, and always selected such as were most likely to touch her feelings.

One day the recluse put into the hand of Lady Frances the poems of Silvester Otway, which she had left—"I shall be obliged to thee, my sweet young friend, if thou wilt read to me this sonnet." The request was too agreeable to lady Frances, not to be complied with immediately, and she read the fourth sonnet on Louisa. (See poems by Silvester Otway, published in May, 1788).

Lady Frances read with so much sensibility and feeling that the doors of grief burst in the bosom of the recluse, and, for the first time in many years, the sorrowful stream overflowed at her eyes.

As soon as she recovered sufficiently to speak, "Disease, and her sickly train," said she, "might with ill-omened intrusion have warned him of the fate of his beloved and adored Louisa.

"But my Frederic fell in the majestic pride of youthful bravery. He fell like a tree of oak hewn down by the powerful strokes of many, many deadly weapons. I saw him fall. Great God ! I saw him fall : and yet, yet I live !"

With her hands she covered her face, and leaned with her elbows upon her knees. This Lady Frances considered as a signal for her to depart. The recluse stopped her. "I will return immediately"—and she fled to her bower. Lady Frances waited near an hour, before the recluse made her appearance. Taking the hand of Lady Frances, "I thought," said she, "that my heart

should be the grave of my sorrows, but thy delicate friendship merits my confidence. I have marked with what assiduous attention thou hast endeavoured to discover that which thou thoughtest might convey to me comfort. Thy caution to avoid every expression that could bear the construction of inquiry, has not escaped my observation ; nor am I ignorant of thy generous intention ; but to this spot am I wedded, and death itself shall not divorce me from it. Will you follow me ?" Lady Frances obeyed. She led her to her bower. Opening a small door composed of willow twigs, she discovered a recess, from which she took a bundle of papers. "Take these," said she ; "they will pain thee, but take them. The chrysalis beads of sympathy will be distilled from thy heart, but the gracious drops shall not touch the gross earth ; for the angelic essence that guards thee will catch them upon his wings, and bear them to thy father's throne, the throne of benevolence eternal." Lady Frances was retiring ;—she stopped her. "Dost thou know of what this bower is composed ?" "Different sorts of trees," replied Lady Frances ; as willow, aspen, and"—"thou speakest of the ornaments of my bower, and not of the bower itself ; however, (recollecting herself) the papers in thy hand will inform thee of all, and I do not expect to see thee till thou hast read them."

It was some days before Lady Frances could connect together the different papers, so as to understand the story ; for they were a confused heap of letters and memorandums, written at different periods, and by different people. At last, however, the industry was successful, and she made out a copy,

copy, which she sent to her sister, with the permission of the recluse; for though lady Frances had no secrets of her own, she did not consider herself at liberty to divulge those of another. She never forgot that valuable precept, 'Neither to court a confidence, nor betray one when reposed.'

THE STORY OF THE RECLUSE.

This unfortunate lady was left an orphan by the favorite sister of the gentleman who educated her. The uncle of the recluse had but a small annuity he had purchased, and his half pay as captain in the navy. That at his death Adelaide found herself possessed of only three hundred pounds; a little plate, and a great deal of old fashioned furniture. "What shall I do? something I must do?" said she to a lady, the friend of her uncle and indeed of herself; for she had been in fact, the friendly tutorefs of Adelaide; for her uncle was the counterpart of Commodore Trunion, as his servant was of Tom Pipes; and no woman but his niece and Mrs. D. was admitted within the garrison. Her worthy friend advised her to dispose of the house and furniture, but at the same time she offered her an asylum. "If you will become an inhabitant of my house, Adelaide, I can boast of invaluable treasure, the treasure of every virtue." Gladly did Adelaide accept of the protection offered her, for she loved Mrs. D. nay she adored her, for she had conveyed her instructions with such gentle caution, that an impregnable castle of gratitude was formed in the breast of her pupil.

For several months did Adelaide glide upon the smooth stream of peaceful serenity, till death, that steel-mouthed monster, deprived her of her last, her only friend, by

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a fit of apoplexy. Captain D. who was at that time absent with his regiment, set off the moment he was made acquainted with his mother's death, and arrived before her funeral. It often happens that cupid's shafts, when dipped in the stream of sorrow, are sure in their aim. Mutual regrets produce mutual affections. So it happened with captain D. and Adelaide; for the mingling tears shed over the grave of the mother and friend, united their souls in bonds of everlasting love; and as soon as possible (with a proper respect to decency) they were married.

In a short time Capt. D's regiment was ordered to America. "We must part, my love, we must part," said he, when he received the orders. "And why must we part, my Frederic? You found me alone as in a desert; you sheltered me under the wings of love; and will you contract them and leave me again bare and defenceless?" "And would my Adelaide, my wife, wish her Frederic to desert the post of honor in the hour of danger? Would she wish her husband to forfeit his claim to glory, his claim to the soldier's best and dearest treasure?" "Oh! no, my love; but let me accompany you." "That is not to be permitted. Besides, your tender and delicate frame will sink under the fatigue we must unavoidably encounter." "You mistake me quite, my Frederic. My soul is equal to any danger, and nothing can terrify, nothing alarm me, when near my love; but if you persist in refusing me, you will never see me more, for grief and anxiety will wear out my heart before your return." Overcome by the affectionate importunities of his wife, he consented (though with reluctance) to her assuming the

the dress of a boy, and, under that disguise, accompanying him as the son of a friend in America. The faithful old George, her late uncle's servant, was to attend her. After a tempestuous passage, they arrived at the place of their destination. Many and innumerable were the difficulties they encountered, harassed by their enemies, sometimes near perishing with hunger and thirst; but all she bore with an astonishing resolution, equal to the hardiest veteran in their little army. What is there can conquer true love? What is there true love cannot conquer? Death, death only. The day however is come, which is to decide the fate of these unfortunate lovers. The armies were in sight of each other; an engagement was inevitable. The night preceding the battle, Captain D. and his Adelaide parted as friends "*Who had loved long, and loved well.*" But such a parting is not to be described. During the engagement Adelaide had posted herself upon an eminence which had a full command of the scene of action. She saw her Frederic—she saw him perform wonders; sometimes the clouds of smoke hid him from her anxious eye. Again she saw him surrounded with enemies his victorious arm laid low. Then again the horrid din, the tremendous roar of battle, would deprive her for moments of the power of tho't.

The English, at last, overpowered by numbers, gave way, and were pursued with merciless fury by their foes. Again she saw her Frederic; but for the last time she saw him, for he fell under the conquering swords of encircling enemies. This sight rooted her to the spot, till the distress of her faithful old servant aroused her. "All is lost, madam, let us fly." "Provide for thy own safety," she replied, "and take these jewels I secreted; to me they are of no use, for I never shall quit this place." The poor old man saw her sorrow was determined and fullen; for she neither shed a tear, or uttered a single sigh or complaint. He knew not what to do, or how to draw her from her present wretched, her perilous situation. He every moment expected their enemies would return for spoil. But that which he feared the most was, the resentment of the Indians, who, he knew, would not fail to revenge the slaughter of their friends by tortures of cruel invention, on the person of his mistress—for himself was but a secondary consideration. After a short reflexion—"I will go," he said, "and defend the body of my master." At this, she started from the ground where she had thrown herself, and flew down the hill, and never stopped till she came to the scene of her misery.

(To be continued.)

On P R I D E.

PEOPLE would never affect a haughty carriage, if they were sensible how agreeable a little affability made them; nor would they imagine, as they too often do, that an imperious behaviour gives them an air of grandeur and im-

portance, if they knew that it is a certain indication of a little soul and low education. Mean people in power are always insolent, and expect to be treated with unusual deference and ceremony; this is the most unlucky step they could take,

as it generally produces an inquiry into their pretensions to respect, which are found to be as false as their behaviour is odious.

There is but one kind of pride that is justifiable, that is, to be above doing any little mean action yourself, in countenancing vice in others, or whatever character it may appear—the more exalted the more to be despised.

Poverty and ignorance may often plead an excuse; many a poor wretch is betrayed through them, to do things which their souls abhor

and are treated by the world with the greatest rigour and severity; when perhaps in reality, they are objects which merit its utmost compassion. But what can be said of those who have the advantage of fortune and education? They have nothing to plead in their defence, and their guilt can only arise from depravity of sentiment—the woman of fashion who acts in derogation to virtue, is by far more despicable than the common prostitute. Rank and title, instead of concealing, place vice in a conspicuous light.

ALEXIS: Or, The COTTAGE in the Woods.

(Continued from page 156.)

PART THIRD.

Adventures incident to Alexis after his leaving the Cottage.

CHAPTER II.

IL SIGNOR CARLO SCIOTTO EXPLAINS TO ALEXIS HIS SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY.

I LEFT Frascati almost instantly, and travelling *di notte*,* in my light dress, I met by day-break the chevalier, and *la cara* Lauretta,† who were waiting for me at the gates of the little town of Agania, in the Campagna of Rome. We immediately pursued our road, and at two in the afternoon were near Veroli, on the frontiers of the kingdom of Naples, on the enchanting banks of the river Cosa. We admired this beautiful district, and the proud Apennine, the foot which we had reached. Enraptured with the freedom they were now about to enjoy, both lovers embrace me, and, in the most flattering terms, commended me for my stratagem. Soon after a post chaise, much lighter than ours, came up with us.—A man, quite furious came out—it is Alforo!

“Traitor,” cried he to the chevalier, “infamous ravishe! surrender thy prey or thy life!”

The chevalier alighted, and began a bloody combat with Alforo. During their engagement, four men whom he had brought with him, seized Lauretta, who had swooned away, dragged her with them, and put her into their chaise. I flew to her assistance; Mandeville’s servants followed my example, and our dexterity had such an effect on our antagonists, as to hinder them from accomplishing their design.

Alforo received a mortal wound from the chevalier, who, while the former endeavoured to join his accomplices, came to defend us, and we put them to flight; but the barbarous Alforo, before his strength left him, plunged his dagger into the heart of the unfortunate Lauretta. “Die with me, perfidious woman!” said he, thou shalt not be my rival’s.”

The chevalier saw the blow, and flew to his mistress; she looked at him, and died!

“O

* By night.

† The dear Lauretta.

"O gods!" exclaimed Mandeville, "O gods! could you permit this?" at these words he ran his sword repeatedly through Alforo's body:—but to what purpose? to mutilate a cold and ghastly corpse.

Oh! what was my situation at this dreadful spectacle! The very idea still shakes my frame! I fell upon my friend, who was going to make away with himself, and having wrested the fatal weapon from his hands, I, with the assistance of his servants, put him into our chaise and drove, with the greatest dispatch, from the bloody spot. The chevalier was bereft of his senses; having recovered them, he blamed us for leaving the body of his dear Lauretta; but we represented to him the dangers which would have attended a similar proceeding, as we might have been caught in *ipso facto*, carrying off two dead bodies, whose assassination would have been laid to our charge. Mandeville yielded rather to our arguments; but, during the whole journey, he did nothing but weep.

The road we had taken could certainly not conduct us to France; we therefore changed it, and finally entered Provence, where we took the road to Paris. After the chevalier had settled his affairs in that capital, he resolved, always fretting at his past misfortune, to retire for life, to a castle, situated in the environs of Lyons, left him by his father. It was in that delightful retreat we both studied philosophy, and brought it about by dint of study and application, to convince ourselves of these two maxims, which ought always to be the rule of those who are obliged to live with their fellow citizens in society.

All men—But, signor, before I

enter any discourse with you upon moral subjects, I ought to give you an account of my last adventures, to remove all suspicions about the manner in which you met with me, and the better to gain your confidence.

You will please to remark, that the chevalier Mandeville, *mio tenero amico*,* died a few years after, partly consumed by his grief, and partly by his own fault.

His first principle was that all the events of life are predestined and decided before our birth by the supreme Being: a sage, well-ordained, well-thought maxim, which he, however, followed too literally. One day, walking alone in his garden, and reflecting upon his past misfortune, he found, by chance, a pistol in his pocket. This pistol had been put in by a stupid valet de chambre, who believed he had heard his master give him orders to do it. What does it signify? said the chevalier to himself;—I think on the misfortunes which cross our life, and now find a pistol in my pocket—It is perhaps, a decree of heaven!—Yes, without doubt, heaven will have me die by this pistol, it is evident!

The chevalier was on the point of blowing out his brains, but the idea of not having made a just distribution of his property, made him return to his closet; he made his will—went out, hid himself in a wood of his park, and lodged the fatal contents of the pistol in his mouth.

We heard the explosion at the castle, but thinking the chevalier was hunting, we minded it no farther. A few hours after the gardener came in, quite frightened with the report, that he had seen his master lying on the ground in the

* My tender friend.

the wood. We went out in haste, and found the body of the unfortunate Mandeville weltering in his blood.

I cannot express what I felt in that cruel moment. I lost the use of my reason for a whole month.

The chevalier had left me a considerable share of property by his legacy; I received it, and went to Paris to banish from my imagination the terrible phantoms which continually tormented it.

In the metropolis I saw company, and, in a little time, spent my whole fortune. You will think signor, that I squandered it away in balls, feasts, and parties of pleasure. No, I did not!—I obliged friends, who afterwards proved ungrateful to me; because it was apparently to be so. I lent, I gave away to every body, and soon found myself without resource. I did not, however, regret the use I had made of my property. I said to myself, all men are born with wants; my equals expose them to me, I bestow, they take; all this is very natural, but they think themselves under no obligation to me; I did not assist them with that motive.

Wo to the interested man who only serves people to render them grateful! but I am myself reduced to necessity, and they whom I obliged will not assist me. Well! they are of another way of thinking; it must apparently be so. Moreover, they hinder me from doing as they have done. I need but beg for relief, and there is no doubt but I may find some feeling souls who will open their purse to assist me. Oh! such persons are very rare! and why should there be none? I am born indeed with that sensibility; I am the only being of my kind in nature; I will hope, I will wait: I may, perhaps, find some friend.

Thus I reasoned; though experience had taught me, that I should not have too firm a reliance on human favour. So much the worse for them, thought I, if they will not oblige their needy brother, of course, they deprive themselves of a most exquisite pleasure; and should I be sorry for them? heaven has thus organised them, but to me it gave a different character; such is the order of things; all is intended, all is arranged, all is premeditated in nature. We are not the masters of events, but should take them such as they happen.

After all, signor, I helped myself out as well as I could; I sung, I gained money, and resolved to make the tour of France, to gain wherewith to return to my country. It was in this wood, where I was stopped and robbed by ruffians. Having told them I was an Italian musician, and what were the causes of the particular sound of my voice, they resolved to make me their *buffone*, and to take me to their cavern to amuse them, and to divert their wives, with whom they could safely trust me, without danger. It is now a week I have been in that cursed cavern, signor; I did every thing to make my escape, but never could find an opportunity till this day.

My hosts stripped last night a rich Jew, and in order to make merry on the occasion, began to drink brandy and spirituous liquors ever since the morning. I had the good fortune to put into every ones glass a pinch of opium, which I found last night in the Jew's pocket, and seeing them all asleep, I lifted the trap of bushes which covers the entrance of that horrid frightful den. I saw, you, signor; and your features and youth, in a word your whole appearance inspired me with confidence

confidence and made me determine to implore your assistance. *Per Dio,** if it be possible, let me follow you every where; let me accompany you; I will be your guide, your servant, your every thing; do not deny me that grace, and depend *per lavita,†* upon the sentiments and friendship of the unfortunate Carlo Sciocco.

The language and adventures of the Italian, had given Alexis no small concern. Above all, the history of that mad chevalier, Mandeville, who blew his brains out because he thought himself destined to be shot, appeared so strange to our hero, as to make him curious to learn thoroughly the precepts of a philosophy so contrary to his own. He did not know what judgment to form of the character of Sciocco, who gives away his whole fortune, now to one, then to another, who trusts every body, and after all accuse no one of the misfortunes that befall him. Predestination was a word he never heard of from Dumont, but of which he nevertheless conceived the sense; it astonished him so much, as to make him consider it as an error of some crack-brained individual. In consequence, he determined to examine Carlo on the road, and to refute his erroneous opinion.

Your misfortunes, said Alexis to Sciocco, and the critical situation in which I now find you, can but make me subscribe to your request, and not leave you in the middle of this forest; but what can you expect from a man as wretched and miserable as I?—I cannot forbear telling you I have neither parents, friends, nor property, fortune nor refuge; in a word, I have nothing. Fate, pleased in harassing me, made me meet with a beneficent heart.

That good man, is now in my eyes, a bare monster, a cruel tyrant. I fly from him, and forever: may heaven never bring me into his presence, sullied with that odious crime which he ordered me to commit!—I loved, I adored Clara!—what say I?—I love and adore her still; but fate parts us; I can never be her's, nor can she ever be mine! in short, I do not know where to linger out a wretched existence, and you, will you share it?—No rather, pity me!—let me steer alone my fatal course.—*Santa Croce‡*! should I leave you! (replies Carlo, with vivacity,) how! it is providence that made us meet; it was ordained in the order of things, that at such an hour you should pass on such a road of this forest; that, in the mean time, I should leave the cavern, and should fall down on my knees before you; that you would hear me; that I should give you upon the road an account of my misfortunes, and that we should agree never to leave one another.—What! was all this ordained thus?—*Certamente §*! we could not miss the minute in meeting together.—You joke; it is mere hazard!—Hazard! there is no hazard in the world, all happens by decree; and all the human wisdom can neither foresee nor prevent it. Suppose, for instance, there is a little path, if I have a mind to walk upon it, robbers lay waiting for me, and will take my life away; but, on the contrary, if I continue my road, nothing disastrous will befall me:—Am I not free to follow my own will in either case?—No, if your life is to be taken away by assassination, something will excite you internally to follow the little path; your steps will bring you to it, as it were, mechanically; every thing

* In the name of God.

† For life.

‡ Holy cross.

§ Certainly.

thing will conduct you to it.—What a singular system!—But you signor, you who believe not, I see, in predestination, can you explain me the meaning of fate, destiny, fatality, all high words, which are in every body's mouth?—Destiny, in my opinion, is the imperious law which order's the march of human vicissitudes, but it makes them result from circumstances spontaneously, and according to the character, passions and conduct of the being, which it curbs under its iron sceptre.—Your explanation is not quite just; for this reason destiny torments the good as the wicked, oppresses the weak as the strong, and makes herself sole mistress of the circumstances. Thus destiny and fatality are absolutely the same thing as predestination.

If a man should exclaim *buoni Dei* *! for what have you reserved me? How cruel are my stars; It would be all one for him to say, *buoni Dei*! have you then decreed before I was born, that I should sustain such a misfortune! was it then in vain for all my prudence to resist the doom! No, I cannot resist your sovereign will! I must obey your laws; believe me, signor every body shares my opinion, though nobody ever found it out like me.—Do not you know it is a very dangerous one?—*Perche* †—According to your doctrine, the unjust, the cruel, who persecutes his fellow creatures, is not criminal; he only obeys an invisible hand which leads and involves him into a bad crime; he is only the iron rod, or the instrument of heaven to punish mankind; and why should heaven punish mankind? What are their wrongs? what harm can they do, since they cannot act freely?—Oh! your system overturns

all moral and divine laws!—Moderate this *fervere*, signor; *ascolta mi* ‡; the question proposed by me is a point of theology, which would take up too much time to be discussed at present, and we shall resume it some other time. Know only, that I pity the wicked, that I pity them greatly. Moreover, all men are not born wicked; God has made them good, humane, generous, and endowed their hearts with sensibility. If they degenerate, it is because they are imperceptibly hurried away by the violence of their passions, the shock of contraries, real and self-created wants, and (these latter are more imperious than the rest) in a word, by exaltation, and the power of doing mischief—I do not tax heaven with their degeneracy, but are not all the evils of Pandora's box diffused over the earth? Well! these are as many venomous insects swarming about every created being. Wo is to him whom they pitch upon to be wounded by their stings, for it will never be in his power to keep them off.—My dear Carlo, your system is so ill established, that you are much at a loss how to consolidate it.—Why, signor?—I maintain that all men are good—O heaven, what a gross mistake!—Good they are, yes, and very good!—But they have ruined you.—It is my own fault; why did I give them my property? They have now betrayed me?—Why did you believe them imprudently?—Because it was to be.—Oh! I cannot stand this. How did the being, that formed me, intend to render me miserable?—I shall never injure it by insinuating such a notion in my mind.—If you are innocent you cannot be miserable; the guilty alone feels real misery, because he is gnawed

* Good Gods!

† Why?

‡ This ardour, sir; hear me.

gnawed by remorse.—Now, *signor amabile**, let us drop a conversation which displeases you. Give me time to unfold the truths of my opinion, and to reclaim you from your unjust prejudices. Yes, I will prove, that if it is impossible to elude the laws of events, necessary in the equilibrium of things, we might at least, mitigate our ills by confidence, submission, and docility. We become wretched, through our own fault, when we seek for those

events, when we give them rise, when, in a giddy manner, we throw ourselves headlong into the abyss. We cautiously avoid all occasions which cause such a fall, we feel only what we cannot avert? we love our equals, because they are more entitled to our pity than to our censure, we shall be able to enjoy that sweet consolation, the sole privilege of innocence, which renders the oppressed happier than the oppressor.

* Lovely sir.

(To be continued.)

Curious Observations on the SPERMACETI WHALE.

By John Hunter, Esq. F.R.S.

THE tail of the whale in general is flattened horizontally, to enable the fish to rise, in order to breathe; the flesh is very red, and of greater specific gravity than beef, so that the large quantities of fat are a necessary part of its economy.

The bones are semi-transparent, as in all fish, and those of the fins are somewhat similar to the bones of the superior extremities in man.

What is called spermaceti, is found every where in the body in small quantity, mixed with the common fat of the animal, bearing a very small proportion to the other fat. In the head it is the reverse, for there the quantity of spermaceti is large, when compared to that of the oil, although they are mixed as in the other parts of the body.

As the spermaceti is found in the largest quantity in the head, and in what would appear at a slight view, to be the cavity of the skull, from a peculiarity in the shape of that bone, it has been imagined by some to be the brain.

These two kinds of fat in the head, are contained in cells, or cellular membrane, in the same man-

ner as the fat in other animals; but besides the common cells, there are larger ones, on ligamentous partitions going across, the better to support the vast load of oil, of which the bulk of the head is principally made up.

There are two places in the head where the oil lies; these are situated along its upper and lower part; between them lie the nostrils, and a vast number of tendons going to the nose and different parts of the head.

The purest spermaceti is contained in the smallest and least ligamentous cells; it lies above the nostril, all along the upper part of the head, immediately under the skin and common adipose membrane. These cells resemble those which contain the common fat in the other parts of the body nearest the skin. That which lies above the roof of the mouth, or between it and the nostril, is more intermixed with a ligamentous cellular membrane, and lies in chambers whose partitions are perpendicular. These chambers are smaller the nearer to the nose; becoming larger

larger and larger towards the back part of the head, where the spermaceti is more pure.

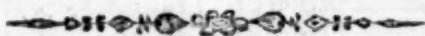
This spermaceti, when extracted cold, has a good deal the appearance of the internal structure of a water-melon, and is found in rather solid lumps.

Although this tribe cannot be said to ruminate, yet in the number of stomachs they come nearest to that order: but here I suspect that the order of digestion is in some degree inverted. In both the ruminants and this tribe, I think it must be allowed that the first stomach is a reservoir. In the ruminants the precise use of the second and third stomachs is, perhaps, not known; but digestion is certainly carried on in the fourth; while in this tribe, I imagine a digestion is performed in the second, and the use of the third and fourth is not exactly ascertained.

The cavern and colon do not assist in pointing out the nature of the

food; and mode of digestion in this tribe. The porpoise, which has teeth, and four cavities to the stomach, has no cæcum similar to some land animals, as the bear, badger, racoon, ferret, pole-cat, &c. Neither has the bottle-nose a cæcum, which has only two small teeth in the lower jaw; and the piked whale which has no teeth, has a cæcum almost exactly like the lion, which has teeth, and a very different kind of stomach.

The food of the whole of this tribe, I believe, is fish; probably each may have a particular kind of which it is fondest, yet does not refuse a variety. In the stomach of the large bottle-nose, I found the beaks of some hundred of cuttle-fish. In the grampus I found the tail of a porpoise; so that they eat their own genus. In the stomach of the piked whale, I found the bones of different fish, but particularly those of the dog fish.



AN ANSWER to the QUESTION, *Whether is Prosperity or Adversity most favourable to Virtue?*

Sweet are the uses of Adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

SHAKESPEARE.

BAD as the world is, there are still, we hope, some choice spirits to be found in it, who in all conditions of life uniformly preserve their integrity; who, unintoxicated with the allurements of affluence, calmly despise the vicious pursuits of insolent prosperity; who unintimidated by the frightful gloom of penury, resolutely adhere to virtue, as the best support of Adversity.—But when we consider the general weakness of human nature, and the almost irresistible power of riches and poverty to tempt us

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from the direct road of duty, we shall find abundant reason to join issue in the good request of pious Agur: "Give me neither poverty nor riches, feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal and take the name of my God in vain."

Altho' prosperity and adversity have confessedly a bad influence upon the conduct of most men, we apprehend that the former is more hurtful to virtue than the latter.

But

But before we proceed to prove the truth of this assertion, it will not be improper (to prevent ambiguity) to employ a few words in settling the meaning of the terms. They are already well enough understood to serve all the purposes of common conversation; but when our philosophical reasonings come to turn on the ideas we affix to them, it is requisite they should be clearly defined. Misapprehension of terms has given birth to half the jargon of scepticism.

Were we still in the state of nature, subject to no wants but such as arise from the cravings of original desire, influenced by no opinions but those that are founded on the truth of things, if the terms of prosperity and adversity were at all employed, the latter would be taken to denote, a deficiency of the necessaries of life; the former, a superabundance of the same. But the commerce of society, the invention of arts and sciences, the distinction of rarities, the introduction of money and the universal influence of custom and fashion, have wonderfully altered our judgment of things and given birth to a variety of wants of which nature is entirely ignorant. Prosperity and adversity, then, must have enlarged their signification; and as they are now applied, it will perhaps be more accurate to say, that the former denotes an ample sufficiency of every thing requisite to enable a man to make a figure in the station which he holds in the general opinion; the latter, a want of what is necessary to support a man with decency in the rank which he ought to maintain in society.

There is a strange dissimulation in human nature. We all (a few Atheists only excepted) own the providence of God in speculation,

and frankly confess, that all the blessings we enjoy are the gift of his goodness. But the rich forget this in their practice. Dizzy with the thoughts of their fancied eminence, and captivated with the perpetual round of splendid amusements, they contract a levity of mind averse to seriousness and reflection: charmed with the gaiety of every thing around them, all nature in their eyes appears clothed in smiles. But does this lead them to contemplate and reverence the great source of all this beauty and cheerfulness? Their vanity is excited by the incense of perpetual adulation; and forgetting the Author of their abundance, they place to the account of their own merit those riches, those honours, that grandeur, which Heaven has bestowed.—Who are they who neglect the worship of God? Who are they who laugh at every appearance of religion?—The Prosperous and the Rich.

That all this dissimulation and ingratitude towards the greatest and best of beings is a consequence which springs from riches and greatness, when men are immoderately fond of them, experience abundantly testifies: and that riches have some secret charms which renders most of their possessors immoderately fond of them, the same experience explicitly declares. Prosperity, then, is generally destructive of the highest species of Virtue—Piety towards God.

Adversity may beget, in some four and peevish minds, unbecoming sentiments of the Deity. There are men of a certain cast, who, when poverty has laid fast hold of them, and every thing looks cheerless and uninviting around, retire within themselves, and brooding over their misfortunes, curse the partial hand of Providence. But

to most men the season of affliction is a season of piety. Adversity calls home our wandering thoughts, and makes room for reflection. Nature demands the assistance of all our faculties;—we exert them to the utmost. But when we find that no human force can relieve us, we naturally turn our thoughts with filial reverence to the great parent of all things, who chasteneth and relieveth the afflicted. Adversity, then, tends to cherish sentiments of piety, and disposes us to adopt the resigned language of Job; “the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.”

In the second place, prosperity has peculiar temptations to numberless vices of the most malignant and fatal consequence to mankind.

Riches minister to ambition, which is one of the most irregular passions of human nature, and attended with the most mischievous effects to society. The seeds of this passion are in every constitution: prosperity nourishes and brings them to maturity. Prosperity enables the ambitious man to execute his aggrandizing schemes; and, I may add, gives him the power of committing the most oppressive and atrocious acts of injustice with impunity. And that this is the use which is commonly made of riches, the annals of every nation bear testimony. Adversity is ever an enemy to ambition; where poverty has been a companion from the cradle, we can scarcely discover the very seeds of this passion. If it takes up its abode where affluence has already brought them into light, it speedily blasts and withers them.

Prosperity begets pride, which leads us to contempt and dispise our fellow men. The respect that

is usually paid to superior circumstances, is apt to make the rich man consider himself as if he was of a different nature from those that are beneath him in the world, and originally formed in a higher order of being; this prompts him to sacrifice all the rights of mankind, resulting from their natural equality, to an accidental advantage, which has no merit at all in it otherwise than as it is enjoyed with condescension and benevolence, and a subserviency to the general good.

Humility is the child of poverty, the gentlest and most peaceable of all the virtues—Adversity may sometimes engender envy; but as this is a species of pure malevolence, few hearts are so wicked as to harbour long so tormenting a fiend. At any rate, the poor man's envy will be less destructive to society than the insolent pride of prosperity.

Prosperity hardeneth the heart of man. The rich, far removed from the numberless untold cases of distress, never feel the tender emotions of pity, and consequently seldom charitably, benevolently, and virtuously relieve the wants of their fellow men.—Who is he that passed by that miserable wretch without emotion? It is the rich miser, whose coffers are stuffed with gold, yet whose heart is dead to every feeling of humanity.

The poor man indeed, has it not in his power to relieve the distressed, however urgent, of his fellow creatures; but he gives them, and it is all that virtue requires at his hand, the wide wish of benevolence. Well acquainted with the complicated miseries of life, he is taught to pity such as bend under the load of cheerless poverty. His heart softened by affliction, easily admits the tender and congenial

al sympathies of sorrow. Have you not seen him in the widow's cot, tenderly caressing the helpless orphan, and counting tear for tear with the disconsolate mother ! have you not seen him lending his hand

to support the steps of feeble age, and stretching forth the cup of water to the weary traveller, and shall we not confess that poverty is more friendly to virtue than riches ?



On the happy Influence arising from FEMALE SOCIETY.

From Dr. Alexander's History of Women.

WOMEN in all ages have set the greatest value on the courage and bravery in men ; and men, in all civilized ages and countries, have placed the chiefest female excellence in beauty, chastity, and a certain nameless softness and delicacy of person and behavior. Women, in themselves weak, timid, and defenceless, stand in the greatest need of courage and bravery, to defend them from the assaults that may be made on their bodies, or advantages that may be gained over their minds ; men, on the other hand, enterprising and robust, have the greatest need of female softness, to smooth their rugged nature, to wear off the asperities they daily contract in their business and connections with one another, and by the lenient balm of endearment to blunt the edge of corrosive care.

When we look back to the more early ages of antiquity, we find but little social intercourse between the two sexes, and that, in consequence thereof, both were less amiable in their persons and manners. At that period of time, neither of the sexes were lively or cheerful ; the men were gloomy, treacherous, and revengful ; and the women, in a less degree, shared these unsocial vices. Many ages elapsed before they were thought of sufficient consequence to become the companions of an hour devoted to so-

ciety, as well as of that devoted to love.

If we reflect on the present state of mankind in the East, where jealousy, that tyrant of the soul, has excluded all the joys and comforts of mixed society ; there, we shall not only find the men gloomy, suspicious, cowardly, and cruel, but divested of almost all the finer sentiments that arise from friendship and from love. There, roughness and barbarity have settled their empire, and triumph over the human mind : but there, shall we hardly be able to discover the tender parent, or the indulgent husband ; there, shall we with difficulty find any of the social virtues, or the sentimental feelings : all these are commonly the offspring of mixed society ; and though men may improve themselves in the company of their own sex, the company and conversation of women alone is the proper school for the heart.

When from these unsocial regions, where, by being deprived of the company of the fair, life is deprived of more than half its joys, we turn ourselves to Europe, we easily discover, that in proportion to the time spent in the conversation of their women, the people are polished and refined ; and less so in proportion as they neglect or despise them. The Russians, Poles, and even the Dutch, pay less attention to their females than any
of

of their neighbours, and are of consequence less distinguished for the graces of their persons, and the feelings of their hearts. The Spaniards, when they formerly had not the benefits of female society, were remarkable for their cruelties: at this period, when locks, bars, and duennas are becoming unfashionable, and women mixing among them, they are rapidly assuming the culture and humanity of the neighboring nations. So powerful, in short is the company and conversation of the fair, in diffusing happiness and hilarity, that even the cloud which hangs on the thoughtful brow of an Englishman begins in the present age to brighten, by his devoting to the Ladies a larger share of time than was formerly done by his ancestors.

The advantages resulting from our intercourse with the female sex, extend their influence likewise over every custom and every action of social life. It is to the social intercourse with women, that men are indebted for every effort they make to please and be agreeable; and it is to the ambition of pleasing they owe all their elegance of manners, as well as all the neatness and ornaments of dress. Fond of the softer scenes of peace, they have often had the address to prevent, by their arguments and intercession, the direful effects of war; and, afraid of losing their husbands and relations, have sometimes rushed between two hostile armies ready to engage, and turned the horrid scenes of destruction into those of friendship and festivity.

In our sex, there is a kind of constitutional or masculine pride, which hinders us from yielding, in points of knowledge or of honour, to each other; but we lay it entirely aside in our connections with wo-

men; a submission, which gives a new turn to our ideas, teaches us to obey where we used to command, and to reason where we used to be ungovernable. The tenderness we have for them softens the ruggedness of our nature; and the virtues we assume, in order to make a better figure in their eyes, becomes at length habitual to us.

There is nothing by which the happiness of individuals and of society is so much promoted, as by constant efforts to please: and these efforts are in a great measure only produced by the company of women; for men, by themselves, relax in almost every particular of good breeding and complaisance, and appear the creatures of mere nature: but no sooner does a woman appear, than the scene is changed, and they become emulous to shew all their good qualifications. It is by the arts of pleasing only, that women can attain to any degree of consequence or of power; and it is by pleasing only, that they can hope to become objects of love and affection; attainments which, as they are of all others the most dear to them, prompt them to cultivate most assiduously the arts of pleasing; arts for which they are well qualified by nature. In their forms lovely, in their manners soft and engaging, such are they by nature and by art, that they can infuse by their smiles, by their air and address, a thousand nameless sweets into society, which without them would be insipid, and barren of sentiment and of feeling. But to enjoy any pleasure in perfection, we must never be satiated with it; and therefore it requires more than common prudence in a woman to be much in company, and still retain that deference and respect which we would voluntarily pay to her,

were

were we seldom indulged with her presence.

When we view the countries where women are confined, we find the inhabitants of them distinguished for barbarity of manners; when we view the same countries in the periods when the women begin to have their liberty, we immediately perceive the manners begin to soften and improve. In no country can this be more strongly exemplified than in Spain; they had formerly less communication with the fair sex than any other people of Europe, and were consequently greatly behind all of them in politeness and elegance of manners; but since their women have been under less restraint, the progress of manners has been so rapid, that they are hardly behind any of their neighbours. To the society of women we are indebted for the emulation of pleasing, and conferring happiness on others; and to this emulation we certainly owe the greater part, if not the whole of the fine arts.

When we consider the two sexes into which the human genus are divided, it appears in the most conspicuous manner, that the Author of nature has placed the balance of power on the side of the male, by giving him not only a body more large and robust, but also a mind endowed with greater resolution, and a more extensive reach. But are these qualities altogether without their counterpoise? Are women left without any thing on their side to balance this superiority of our nature? Have they no powers to exert, whereby they can reduce this seeming superiority to a more equal footing? If they have not, they may justly complain of the partiality of nature, and the severity of their lot. But let us atten-

tively consider this matter, and we shall find, that the Author of our being is no such partial parent: we shall discover, that to each sex he has given its different qualifications; and that these, upon the whole, when, properly cultivated and exerted, put men and women nearly on an equal footing with each other, and share the advantages and disadvantages of life impartially between them. To bend the haughty stubbornness of man, he has given to woman beauty, and to that beauty has added an inexpressible softness and persuasive force both of words and actions, which but few of the sex themselves know the extent of, and which still fewer of ours have the power of resisting. Thus, an insinuating word, a kind look, or even a smile, often conquered Alexander, subdued Cæsar, and decided the fate of empires and of kingdoms; thus the intercession of the mother of Coriolanus saved the city of Rome from impending destruction, and in one hour brought about a happy event, which the Senate and people had despaired of ever seeing accomplished. This power of the women, in bending the stronger sex to their will, is no doubt greatly augmented when they have youth and beauty on their side; but even with the loss of these it is not always extinguished; of which this last circumstance is an indubitable proof.

A noble instance of the exertion of female influence occurs in the Queen of Pythius, a prince of Lydia; who, cruel and avaricious beyond measure, kept the greater part of his subjects so constantly employed digging in the gold mines, that they had no time for agriculture, and were consequently in danger of perishing by famine. Op-

pressed

pressed by this tyranny, they took an opportunity of his being abroad and assembled in great numbers, with tears in their eyes, to lay their complaints before his Queen, who, commiserating their condition, after revolving in her mind how to relieve them, bethought herself of the following method. On the return of her husband, she ordered a magnificent entertainment to be served up to him; but, to his great surprise, when he uncovered the dishes, none of them contained any thing but gold. Sensible of his misconduct, and struck with the propriety of the method his wife had made use of, in order to open his eyes, that he might see his folly, and fully convinced that gold could not satisfy his own hunger, nor save his subjects from famine, he immediately gave orders that, in future, no more than one fifth part of them should be employed in procuring gold from the mines, and that the other four parts should betake themselves to agriculture and the useful arts.

It would be easy to multiply instances, both ancient and modern of the ascendancy which women of sense have gained, over men of feelings. The empress Livia may justly claim the first notice: having attained such an influence over her husband Augustus, that there

was hardly any thing he could refuse her. Many of the married ladies of Rome being anxious to know the means that she had used to attain this end, one of them at last venturing to ask her, she replied, "By being obedient to all his commands; by not endeavouring to discover his secrets; and by concealing my knowledge of his amours." Henry the fourth, of France, one of the greatest and most amiable of Princes, affords a most remarkable instance of the power women may, by gentle methods, acquire over the men. Tender and compassionate in his nature, he could hardly refuse any thing to softness, intreaties, and tears; sensible at the same time, and jealous of his honor and power, there was hardly any thing he would grant, when attempted to be forced from him by different methods. Hence he was constantly governed by his mistresses, and at variance with his wives. The Salic law ordains, that the crown of France shall never fall to the distaff: but the French women have amply revenged themselves for this affront; by contriving to govern almost every monarch, they have constantly governed that great kingdom, from the apparent management of which the law had so positively excluded them.

FRENCH and SPANISH HABITS.

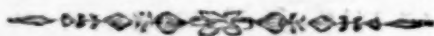
IN speaking of the different manners of the French and Spaniards, it has been remarked, that the Frenchman wears his hair very long, and the Spaniard his very short; the Frenchman eats fast and very heartily, the Spaniard slowly and sparingly; the Frenchman takes his soup first, the Spaniard

eats his roast meat first, and then his soup; the Frenchman pours wine upon his water, the Spaniard puts water to his wine; the Frenchman talks freely at table, the Spaniard does not utter a word; the Frenchman walks after dinner, the Spaniard either sleeps or sits still; the Frenchman walks

walks very fast, the Spaniard deliberately; the French valets follow their masters, the Spanish go before them; the Frenchman, in making a sign for any one to come to him, lifts up his hand, and draws it towards his face, the Spaniard kisses his hand, and declines it towards his feet; the Frenchman, as a mark of civility, gives you the upper hand in the street, the Spaniard takes it of you; the Frenchman goes in and out of his house after his company, the Spaniard marches before them; the Frenchman, reduced to poverty, sells all but his shirt, the shirt is the first thing a Spaniard parts with;

the first begs alms with submission, the latter with haughtiness; the Frenchman in dressing himself, puts on his breeches the last of all his clothes, the Spaniard begins with putting them on; the Frenchman always buttons himself from top to bottom, the Spaniard from bottom to top.

An Englishman is distinguished from all foreigners abroad, by shutting the doors of rooms and houses after him; at least, he always attempts it; whereas, all other Europeans, accustomed to the officiousness of servants, never offer to take hold of a door.



For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The E C H O. No. III.

- " *Ille ut depositi proferret fata parentis*
 " *Scire potestates barbarum, usumque medendi*
 " *Maliut: et mutas agitare ingloriosas artes.*
 " *Salubris spargere gaudet*
 " *Ambrosia succos, et odoriferam panaceam.*" — VARG.
 " He to prolong his fellow mortals' days,
 " Prefers Apollo's to Ambition's bays:
 " Studies the powers of herbs, the healing art,
 " Pours his ambrosia on the wounded part;
 " His panacea on mankind bestows,
 " Delights to cure their pains, to ease their woes."
 " *Ille causas melius erabit,*
 " *Hæc illi erunt artes, pacisque imponere morem,*
 " *Parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.*"
 " This, the bright palm of civil life t' obtain,
 " The arts of jurisprudence, strives to gain;
 " Learns that with liberty, law perfect grows,
 " The prostrate spares, the haughty overthrows."

THE free and copious suggestions of our friend, to the indulgent attention, candid examination, and kind animadversion of his respected parent; of the crude thoughts of the moment on the clerical profession, *our tell-tale Echo*, in its last number, communicated. A brief notice of the other two, succeeded; though, (to proceed in his own words) the continued employ-

ment of my thoughts on the former, in discussing the arguments, inducements, and circumstances for and against immediate engagement therein, has prevented that thorough attention to the relative merits of law and physic, which their importance demands; and of course, the following observations thereon, will be, if possible, less pertinent and just, than those on divinity.

Useful,

Useful, necessary, honourable, and often lucrative, is the profession of *PHYSIC*. Where no constitutional objections arise to prevent; where nature has given such a system of feelings, as use will soon ripen, so as to enable the *hand to be free from tremor, the heart ignorant of palpitation* even in the most critical circumstances; the practice of this profession, must give great satisfaction and delight. To cheer, to restore the sick body, the agonizing head, the diseased members; to protract the short span of life, and to render that short span more easy and comfortable, and the corporeal agonies of dissolving nature less severe; to prepare a *soporific cake* for the *Cerberus* of disease, which guards the *threshold, the avenues to life*; where can the *Epicurean* in benevolence, procure a more luxuriant and copious feast. When the peculiarly favourable, and the frequent opportunities which occur to the *Christian* practitioner, of pouring balm into the wounded mind, of restoring the tortured conscience to ease, by the medicine of that great *PHYSICIAN*, whom all "need;" when the profession is considered in this connexion (to which it has a claim from the critical situations in which its professors often find themselves, and the gratitude and confidence of their patients, which they often possess more than any other persons) still more exalted and divine appear the joys and pleasures it affords.

The preparatory studies of this profession, are highly agreeable and delightful; they involve little, if any of metaphysical abstrusities, or uninteresting speculation. The amateur of the belles lettres, of natural and experimental philosophy, of history, and of those other branches of the arts and sciences, which are most generally interest-

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ing; is here regaling himself with his favourite objects, and at the same time attending to technical studies. The union of the two naturally distinct professions, *physic* and *surgery* in most parts of our country, is, it is presumed, disadvantageous. The practice of one of them, would often be agreeable to many, who have, however, objections to the other not easily removed. The theory of both is undoubtedly, in a great degree, blended, and their assistance to each other mutual, toward obtaining eminence in either. The introduction of the separate practice into our country, would be attended with this, among many other advantages; that greater skill would usually be acquired in one of them, than is frequent, at present, in both.

Civil distinction ought not to be the object of the physician. Although his situation is perhaps as favourable as any, to acquire popularity, he whose practice has given him superior skill, ought not desert the rich harvest of self satisfaction and the gratitude of others, for any *feathers* which public life can bestow. For civil employments and honours the profession, "*though last, not least,*" which we now shall attempt to consider, is undoubtedly best qualified.

The popular objections to the practice of the law have been, and indeed continue to be considerable. To many persons the union of the terms a lawyer, and an exemplary Christian, would appear incompatible and incongruous. That a large share of the genius and knowledge among us, is in this profession, will be readily granted by any one, acquainted with the many great characters among our barristers and counsellors; and also with the large proportion of the most distinguished sons of our *alma mater*, who have entered, and are entering on, or preparing

paring for that profession. How any one can be so blindly illiberal, as to suppose that the practice of this profession is inconsistent with integrity of heart, virtuous conduct, or uprightness of character, is truly astonishing. Security of the natural rights of the citizen, restoration and preservation of the health of the body, attainment and increase of the sanity of the mind, are the objects of the three liberal professions. So apt are men to resent supposed injury, and so incapable are many of making any distinctions; that the lawyer, when executing the necessary duties of his office, bears, not unfrequently, the largest share of the anger at a prosecution; the justice, is mistaken for the complainant; the legal mean, for the instigator.

Minds which have never combined two ideas, and such are many with whom all professions have to do, cannot reconcile to *their ideas of right*, that a man should advocate criminally accused persons, where facts are plain and direct to prove them worthy of death. It is said, it either answers no purpose; or else, it effects one which is not good; it is designed to rescue, which would be unjust, or it has no intention. Perhaps a different statement of the case would be more just. That to protect, or to endeavor to defend guilt from punishment, knowing it to be such, is right, no one will pretend. But who is, and who is not guilty, is only the province of Omniscience to know. Human tribunals may err, and the most respectable juries may sometimes agree on unjust and oppressive verdicts; to these inconveniences, the lot of humanity is unavoidably subject.—Wilfully to deceive or delude these tribunals, and to endeavor to support iniquity, equally militates with

the oath of office of the lawyer, and the conscience of the man. But "that every person is innocent until proved," not supposed, "to be guilty;" and "that to the due administration of impartial justice, a cool and candid examination of both sides of every controversy, is necessary," are texts, from our political bible, of which we hope no one who lives under its benign influence, is ignorant. Hence in every capital prosecution, counsel for the prisoner is appointed by the court, if not otherwise obtained; and although few doubts remain on any minds of their guilt, who shall condemn them unheard? Circumstances may be produced to extenuate the criminality, or prove the injustice of an accusation, which, before the developement of such circumstances, was incontrovertibly established. The critical situation of the accused, in most instances, effectually prevents that calmness and self-possession, which are necessary in important pleas; were the education of those unfortunate persons commonly adequate to the task of giving every possible circumstance in their favour. The counsel say not, or ought not to say, in cases evidently plain, that their client is innocent; but only that certain facts and circumstances render it possible, or probable that he may be so; it being an established maxim, repeated at almost every capital trial, "that it is better that ten guilty persons should escape, than that one innocent person should suffer."—That there is iniquity in the usual practice of the law, no one can presume to deny; but that there is a greater share in this, than in most other employments, will not be readily granted. The lamentable imperfection of humanity, equally affects man's civil, as his moral and religious character. Chimerical is the

the attempt of human institutions, effectually to guard the weak from the oppression of the strong ; the simple and innocent from the impositions of the crafty and malicious. But, though our constitution has perhaps not so definitely circumscribed the conduct of the practitioners of the law as might be eligible ; it is to be considered, that " laws were never made for men of honour."

Good men there are in all professions, and bad men, undoubtedly there may be in any ; but perhaps it is not unjust to say, that the clerical profession is best calculated to guard the mind ; to confirm its good, to repel its bad desires.— Though every one's acquaintance will furnish him with many instances of those who are at the same time respected, eminent, and beloved lawyers, exemplary christians, and good men ; yet it must be acknowledged, that the temptations to malpractice are frequent and great. The physician's task is laborious in-

deed ; especially in the extensive practice of those who are most eminent.

A late attendance on a session of one of our courts of judicature, exhibited the labors of the lawyer also to be very considerable. The great anxiety of the principal advocates, their perplexing multiplicity of business, not before contemplated ; and their inadequate fees for exertions so strenuous, presented a contrast between the duties of the bar, and the calm, stated, and definite employments of the pulpit, strikingly apparent. And though our consideration of the subject may have been partial and insufficient ; we cannot but conclude, in the words of a much respected friend, that his chance for happiness is most fair, who can embrace with avidity and pleasure the clerical life ; and " forego the honors, emoluments, and elevated distinctions of this world, for the superior rewards of another."

A****m, July, 1795.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

A Letter from a Lady to her Friend.

DEAR CAROLINE,

IN my last letter I promised to give you an account of a melancholy affair I heard in my late agreeable visit at B—. I now hasten to fulfil my promise ; and beg you will attend to the moral which may be drawn from so particular and affecting an incident.

One afternoon as madam B— was sitting amidst a circle of her friends, a very amiable young lady with her mother added to the number of the guests, which were numerous. I observed every eye in the room was fixed on the above

mentioned young person, with the strongest marks of compassion.

On my looking attentively in her face, which was very agreeable, I observed a particular wildness in her eyes, which led me to believe her understanding had been disordered : the deepest melancholy was impressed on her countenance ; neither did she speak during the whole visit. Her mother appeared perfectly well-bred, but by some sighs which escaped her, I imagined she had some grief on her spirits, which time and christian philosophy only could remove.

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When the company were all departed, I gave madam B—— my opinion of Miss Denby (so the penfive young lady was called) when her ladyship informed me that I was perfectly right in my conjectures, for that she had been for two years under confinement in a private mad house in Chelsea, on account of the most tragical affair imaginable :—that all who knew her were inexpressibly grieved at the misfortune, as she was the most amiable young person in the world; and that her worthy mother, no longer being able to bear her absence, was determined to have her under her own eye; and as her disorder appeared to be a fixed melancholy, and now was greatly better, by seeing a little company, and daily airings, she often introduced her amongst her friends in the neighborhood.

This account strongly excited my curiosity, you may be convinced; which the good lady B—— that very evening, when we were seated in the hermitage, after a walk in the wood, satisfied me nearly as I can remember, in the following words.

“ Miss Denby, with a brother, a brave officer in the army, were the only children of the worthy lady you saw last night, whose husband died many years since, and left a large fortune to his children. The daughter, at the age of seventeen, was one of the most accomplished, as well as lovely of women. About that time, her brother, who loved her to excess, brought from London a Mr. Villars, a most particular friend of his, for whom he had so uncommon a regard, (they having been bred together at the same school, and travelled in the same party abroad) that his most ardent desire was to see his dar-

ling sister the future wife of that dear friend.

“ Mr. Villars was extremely amiable; he possessed a large fortune, and what was infinitely preferable, one of the best hearts in the world. To see Miss Denby was to love her; Mr. Villars, therefore, became on his first visit very sensible of her beauty and merits. Her young heart was equally affected:—and he soon found a declaration he made of his passion was received in the most favorable manner.

“ Mrs. Denby was as much delighted as her son with the prospect of so agreeable an alliance; and in a few months nothing was talked of in this county but the approaching marriage of these amiable young persons.

“ Some business relative to this happy event, called Mr. Villars to town, in which excursion he was accompanied by his friend; as, indeed, they were inseparable. This short absence appeared insupportable to the lovers: however, to lessen it in some measure, they agreed, at parting, to write by every post, and fixed on that day month to be united forever.

“ The friends (for they never had any other appellation) had been in town about a fortnight, when they dined one day at a public tavern, with a large party of gentlemen. As the company were all men of rank and genius, many subjects were started of elegant authors: particularly, after dinner, several of them entered into the common topic of debate, which had most merit, the ancients, or the moderns; and at last, the conversation fell upon the subject of letter writing.

“ It must be confessed (said Mr. Villars) that the ladies excel us in this

this respect: they have an ease—a delicacy of expression, which we cannot arrive at."

"I cannot be of your opinion, (said the next gentleman)—their style is often unconnected and perplexed:—you may talk of the easy style of your madame Sevigne, your madame Maintenon,—but give me a letter of Pope or Swift."

"Pardon me, Sir, (said Villars) but with all due deference to those two great names you have just mentioned, I cannot give up my point in favor of the ladies letter-writing; especially where the soft passion is the subject—there they shine indeed.—It should seem, by their peculiar facility in expression on the subject, that they were formed alone for tenderness. I have a letter, (continued he) in my pocket, that, I believe, will not fail to confute you:—It is from a lady to her lover, to whom she is to be united in a very short time.—You will think it peculiarly tender.—It is so:—but heavens! how delicate!—how refined the sentiments!—how artless the style!—I will give you here a specimen of letter writing: listen therefore, and be confuted."

"Saying this, he took from his pocket-book a letter which he read to the party around him. The sentiments were extremely tender and passionate, and the letter was highly applauded.

"During this conversation, colonel Denby was sitting at some little distance, but heard the whole of it. With the utmost astonishment he heard the letter read; and sitting some moments almost petrified with wonder, he suddenly started from his seat and left the room. Mr. Villars did not observe him, as he was engaged in conversation;

but in less than half an hour after, he received a note sealed up, in which were the following words:

"Villars,

"YOU are a base scoundrel—a perfidious villain—and a disgrace to human nature. I am at the crown tavern, Pall-Mall, where I expect you will follow me the instant you receive this. Add not cowardice to detestable perfidy, but come away immediately. Your vile conscience will help you to my name."

"Mr. Villars could hardly make out the sense of this enraged billet, it was so extremely blotted and scrawled in the excess of passion, nor could he guess the writer; but was resolved at all events to attend the summons. He immediately went to the place appointed, and was ushered into a room.—When, gracious heaven! what was his amazement, to see his friend under the power of ungovernable passion—to hear his beloved Denby, in the most opprobrious terms, ordering him to draw his sword, on the instant, or the next should be his last!

"Good God, said Villars, what is the matter?—What, in the name of goodness, is the cause of this sudden fury?—Are you mad, Denby?"

"Thou cool, deliberate villain, replied he; thou more than mean, thou infamous rascal, dare you ask the cause? This instant draw, I say, or I will treat you as you deserve."

"Mr. Villars, who was likewise a man of spirit, and of great warmth, could not, it must be imagined, bear patiently this opprobrious language; he therefore drew his sword, and in his own defence stood upon his guard, his adversary having already drawn his own from the scabbard.

"A few passes were made, when
at

at one fatal thrust, Denby ran his sword through the body of his friend, who instantly fell weltering in blood at his feet.

"The people of the house, hearing the clash of swords, ran to the door; which they broke open, and beheld the most shocking scene imaginable: Denby kneeling by Villars, covered with his blood, now repenting his rash action, and weeping over him.

"Ah! Villars, he exclaimed—live—live—and be my friend again! Gracious heaven! have I murdered thee?—Oh! look up—say you forgive me!—Wretch that I am—fly all for aid, I beseech you."

"All aid is vain, said the dying man, come nearer, Denby, and let me breathe my soul into the bosom of my friend. I feel the cold, the powerful hand of death upon me.

"But why—say why?"

"Commend me to thy much-loved sister."

"Ah! my Villars, (said Denby weeping) why—but I reproach thee not:—it was the cause—the sacred cause, of that dear, injured sister's honor, which has occasioned this most shocking deed."

"Thy injured sister?—(said Villars in faltering accents) heaven! what mean you? explain—explain—be quick, my blood flows fast."

"That letter—that cursed letter, returned Denby, is the horrid cause. How could you with wanton sport, betray the sacred confidence of honor the dear girl reposed in you?—To expose the sentiments of her delicate soul to the laugh—the ridicule of a mixt society?—It was too much—I could not bear it. But live, Villars, live; you are again my friend—and Harriet shall still be thine.—Come, let me raise thee in my arms!"

"O God! said the almost expir-

ing Villars; ah! my friend, what fatal rashness!—but I forgive thee. Alas!—My Harriet's sacred confidence has never been betrayed!—How couldst thou wrong me, to admit that thought!—O fatal, dire mistake! that innocent letter, the cause of all this mischief, I transcribed from the manuscript memoirs of a late celebrated countess, at the desire of my sister, to whom I should have sent it by tomorrow's post—Alas! I am guiltless. O, the sting of death is the sharper that my Denby should believe me capable of so much perfidy!—Harriet—my angel—may we be united in a better world than this!—Denby—I die—receive my last breath."

"It was indeed his last—he breathed no more."

"His distracted friend, for some moments, gazed on the fatal wound, which his rash hand had made, in dumb despair; then rising from the body, with frantic wildness, he snatched his sword, still reeking with the blood of his friend, and plunged it into his own breast.—He fell by the side of his Villars.

"By this time, two eminent surgeons were arrived, who had been called to the assistance of the unhappy Villars, who was now no more. On examining the colonel's wound, they pronounced it to be mortal, and that it was impossible he could live many hours.

"I thank thee, heaven, for this, said he, for life would be insupportable."

"The miserable colonel Denby, whose crime had proceeded from the most delicate regard for his sister's honour, remained no longer sensible than just to give orders to his servants that he might be interred by the side of his dear friend, in the family vault at Denby church.

He

He then fell into violent agonies; and raving loudly, on the name of Villars, expired.

"A special messenger was immediately dispatched to the excellent Mrs. Denby: the morning of which day the lovely Harriet had been indulging herself with the most pleasing hopes that her lover would perhaps with her brother pay them a visit, and attend them in an excursion they were going to make into Berkshire: for in Villars's last letter, in the fondness of his soul, he had told his bride elect, she must not be surprised if himself and his friend Denby should call upon her the Monday evening following; for that he had an hundred things to talk on, previous to the happy day.

"This pleasing intelligence Miss Denby told her mother, adding with a smile of satisfaction, "I am convinced they will come this very evening: I have a kind of presentiment of this happy, unlooked-for visit."

"What then were the agonies of the excellent mother, when the messenger arrived with the dreadful account!

"Happily Miss Denby was gone to spend a day with a lady in the next village, who unexpectedly pressed, and prevailed on her to stay all night: she was therefore not at home when the horrid intelligence arrived.

"Mrs. Denby, in agonies not to be described, took to her bed.—But," continued the good lady B. "what pain do I give to your sensibility, my dear Emily, by this sad recital!

Do you think I did not weep, Caroline?—Indeed I did. I begged her to proceed.

"I will, she said, if my tears will permit me to relate this melancholy tale.

"Mrs. Denby, in the midst of her

poignant anguish, thought the circumstance of her daughter, being then absent, was fortunate; as she could gain time to consider in what manner this dreadful event could be best imparted to her. The miserable mother wished, if possible, that Harriet might stay with her friend till the melancholy interment was over, provided it could be kept secret from her."

"She accordingly dispatched a messenger to acquaint her that she would in a day or two, send the chariot to fetch her home, as the weather was too hot for walking. She likewise, by letter, acquainted the lady with the dreadful event, with an earnest desire that her daughter's stay there might be a few days longer, till the melancholy solemnity was past, and that it might be kept from her, a profound secret. But most unfortunately (as servants in great families are often too negligent in obeying the commands of their superiors) the fellow loitered till the evening before he set out with the letter to the lady.

"In the mean time, Miss Denby, who was extremely fond of walking, and as the distance from her mother's seat was only a short mile, was already set out on her return home.

"Nothing could exceed the beauty of the evening, which was after a warm day, in the sweet month of June.

"Harriet fauntered through the meadows, which were covered with flowers, whilst not a bud or blossom but attracted her admiration of that Being, who so lavishly spreads the face of nature with such a profusion of delights for discontented mortals.

"Sometimes she listened to the soft notes of the plaintive nightingale, or moaning stock-dove; and
often

often she indulged ideas of tenderness, in contemplating on her beloved Villars.

"Soon, said she to herself, we shall together admire these astonishing works of the great Creator:—together we shall walk the mountain's brow, or inhale the breathing perfume of yonder blooming beans. Whilst leaning on his arm, he will, as we walk, explain, and point out those beauties of nature, with which my inexperienced years are yet unacquainted."

"Full of these pleasing reflections, she was now arrived at a small wilderness, which joined to the gardens at Denby hall.—This little wood was a most favourite spot of this amiable young lady; she had walked there constantly with her beloved Villars; she had, with her own hands, planted a great variety of flowering shrubs, which were now in their highest bloom; and in this enchanting retreat, she had a small romantic building, made of roots of trees, and covered with moss and ivy, which she called the hermitage; over the door of which was wrote in Gothic characters,

"Within this moss-grown roof, this humble cell,

"Sweet liberty, content, and virtue dwell."

"Hither Miss Denby often retired to amuse herself with reading; and in this sweet retreat, she kept a small Theorbo-lute, from which she drew the most exquisite sounds.

"As she always herself kept the key of the gate of the wilderness (which was likewise a part of the garden) she now, in her return home that evening, without going

into the house at Denby hall, opened the little gate which led to the road, and went to her favorite spot, the hermitage. She took up her lute, and seating herself under a large oak, from whence she had a full view of the road, she began playing a favorite air of her beloved Villars.

"This is the evening (said she) in which he told me I might expect to see him and my brother.—Haply, those amiable and dear friends may soon arrive.—I will, however, beguile the tedious moments, till their wished arrival.—Ah! did I not hear the distant sound of their carriage wheels?—the trampling of horses?—Let me fly to meet the two most amiable of men!"

"Saying this, she flung down her lute, and ran with the lightning's speed to the gate which fronted the road.

"Alas! it was, indeed, the two dear friends!—Two hearses now appeared, adorned with white feathers; and a train of mournful servants following.

"Oh! Emily (continued lady B—, bursting into tears) I cannot proceed! guess the fatal rest:—the dreadful consequences on the mind of the poor Harriet Denby you are too well acquainted with."

Caroline, do not wonder at this large blot, it is an unforced tear, dropt as a tribute due to so unhappy a catastrophe.

To this mournful tale, I can only add, that I am,

Ever yours,

EMILIA.

S E N T I M E N T.

IT is easier to pray ten mortals into heaven than one out of hell. If the Roman Catholics took the properest care of the souls and bod-

ies of men in this world, they might venture to lay aside their offices for the dead.

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Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunt,
Et quocunque volunt animum auditoris agunto.—HOR.

IN the tragedy of the Germans little or no declamation finds a place. The genius of the people is inimical to it, and the pathetic effect of their pieces has gained in consequence. The little power of declamation, however lofty and poetical, to move the heart, the best French plays sufficiently testify. The eloquence in which the characters, groaning beneath the stroke of calamity, picture their feelings, and ornament their sorrows, impresses a species of languid admiration: But we hear with our curiosity little awakened, our warmer emotions and interest nearly dormant. To what cause is this apathy to be referred? The sentiments are lofty, the diction poetical, the piece exactly modelled according to rule. Art indeed has done its part, but the cause will easily be found in the violation of nature. At all periods nature is the same; Shakespeare and Sophocles have in similar situations employed a language, short, simple, and abrupt, or silence more eloquent than words, to paint the workings of the human heart, oppressed and broken by misery. When Othello at last receives the damning proof of perfidy where he had garnered up his soul; or Romeo is thunderstruck by the death of Juliet; when the wife and children of Macduff are at one blow cut off; and the heart of Lear rent by filial ingratitude, we find no declamation, no idle pomp of words. The man is brought before our view; intolerable agony mocks the power of utterance, and freezes up the springs of speech, till at last the incoherence of high-wrought emotion,

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the simple strokes of nature, "He has no children;"—"I gave you all," burst forth amidst the storm and conflict of passions. The poet vanishes, it is Macduff or Lear himself that has made an interest in our breasts, him alone, we see, we hear, and our heartfelt tears declare the conviction of reality.

This interest can alone support the illusion of tragedy, which in itself is weak and impotent. Without this the attention is every moment called to improbability and incongruity. The vivid picture of character and passion arrests the soul, nor suffers the minuteness of cool examination to be active.

The leap of Gloucester from the fictitious cliff of Dover, or the ludicrous battles of imaginary armies, would shock credulity, or move contemptuous laughter; but the attention is borne down in the mighty torrent of emotion, and the mind, dazzled by the blaze of genius, loses sight of impropriety in sympathy and wonder.

The tragedy of the Greeks was from its nature and origin more prone to declamation and sententious dogmatism than that of the moderns. The philosophy of old, did not disdain an alliance with the Tragic Muse, but not unfrequently sought to smooth the harshness of instruction by the graces of poetry, and the allurements of the stage. On this account the ancient tragedy is marked with moral and didactic features, against which our theatrical ideas are little apt to revolt. But when smarting under the anguish of passion, when bowed down by the hand of misery, the charac-

ters

ters of Sophocles and Euripides still are men; all pomp of diction, all declamatory dignity is laid aside, and the language of the heart, in artificial and simple, appears in their place. In this simplicity the French have little imitated their Grecian models. Some of their poets, like our own Lee, have only found in painting the same situation, an opportunity for eloquent expostulation or subtle reasoning. The Oedipus of Corneille and that of Seneca are equally faulty.

As highly finished dramatic poems, the French tragedies have, in the hands of Crebillon, Voltaire, Racine and Corneille, attained to no small degree of excellence. Uniting high propriety and exact decorum to polished versification and eloquence, they claim no small portion of our approbation. But the appeal is to the head and not to the heart. Poetical, elevated, and regular, they do all but affect; they produce praise without sympathy, and while they gratify the judgment on cold examination, they are little adequate to arrest attention, or rouse that strong emotion which is the soul of the drama. In them the scenes which should be most interesting, suggest the elegance, the softness, the delicacy of the poet, of whom we are unable to lose sight, while we are little or not at all involved in that delusion on which the force and spirit of the scene depends. The mind revolts in disgust and incredulity when it finds the pang of distress suggesting only a happy turn of expression, and the fullness of passion evaporating in the laboured artifice of eloquence. The German tragedy, as it participates, at present, but little in the peculiar excellences of the French drama, is also not liable to the reproach of its defects.

With rough majestic force they move the heart,
And strength and nature make amends for art.

The influence of the manners of a nation on their poetry, has pervaded the French tragedy, and softened down the strength and discrimination of character to the refined standard of modern gallantry. The rough unbending hero of the earlier ages of Greece or Rome, disgusts us but too often on their stage, with the artificial manners of the most polished times, and the verbiage of a *petit maitre* in love. The comparative roughness of the German manners, is not without its advantages in preserving the energetic distinctions of character, and communicating a certain prominence of feature, which, though sometimes liable to degenerate into harshness, contributes highly to dramatic effect and interest. The stronger delineations of passion are on the French stage either cautiously avoided or artfully softened down, and shaded. The more terrible struggles which lay waste and desolate the human breast are kept back, and the more romantic difficulties of love, the animating spirit of so many of their pieces, often support the interest, and create the whole distress of the scenes meant to be the most pathetic. The German drama, more daring, aims commonly at the expression and imitation of the higher fiercer emotions. Never fearful like the French of being too tragic, the strongest delineations of passion, the most daring images, and unusual combinations are hazarded. Energy in conception and force in expression, are the objects which are considered as well attained by the sacrifice of lesser and softer beauties. Hence the German tragedy is little marked by the

the refined and subtle reasonings, which, spun out into dialogue, supply so often the place of action on the French theatre. A disquisition on the application of verse to tragedy would be here misplaced: some remarks of Voltaire point out that he considered versification and rhyme as nearly essential to that of the French. These ornaments have little heightened the labour or diminished the strength of the modern tragedies of the Germans. These are almost all in prose, but of a species which neither neglects the elegance of structure or the harmony of cadence. Some of the more interesting features of comparison, between the French and German Muse of tragedy, have now been traced. Taken as a whole, the French tragic drama is the perfection of elaborate refinement; all is soft and regular, every harshness smoothed, and even the minutest parts brilliant with the exquisite polish of art and labour. In the German, refined nicety and the praise of regularity is little sought for; but a picture, strong, though sometimes harsh, of the powers of unfettered genius, artlessly and vigorously exerted in the boldest strokes of passion and feeling, is ever presented.

The French may be compared to one of their own regular parterres, shining with flowers artificially disposed by the hand of elegant industry, where labour has exhausted his powers to repress luxuriant exuberance and subdue the whole to one standard of symmetry and uniformity.

The German has a resemblance to those romantic landscapes in which the spirit of Rosa delighted, where nature, shooting wild and strong, wantons in terrible graces, and displays without constraint her

powers and energy in rude but affecting state; sometimes perhaps exciting sensations more forcible than pleasant, or liable to degenerate into savageness too uncultivated, but always moving the passions, always exciting the strong interest of the heart.

In the sketch here given of German tragedy, it has been endeavoured to mark its peculiarities, by touching the more general excellences and defects by which it is distinguished. These as somewhat connected with the beauties and imperfections of our own stage, claim an interest in the breast of an English reader. A more particular examination of distinct writers naturally follows this view of the spirit which is common to the tragic poetry of the Germans: out of a variety of authors in this line of composition, a selection of three will answer the end of criticism.

These are Goëthé, Lessing, and Schiller, who all occupy provinces of the drama very distinct from each other. Lessing, the author of a fine tragedy, Julius von Tarent: Garstenberg, whose Ugolino and Minona have excited so much admiration; Unzer, Klinger, and many others would claim their share of attention in a regular history of the German tragedy. They must necessarily be passed over in a criticism of this nature, of which it is the only ambition, by presenting outlines, however rude, of a subject little known, to shew that the inattention which German literature has experienced amongst us, has narrowed the limits of elegant knowledge, and prevented the access of many sources of refined amusement.

Before the attention of the reader is called to a more particular examination of the selected authors,
a few

a few remarks on some peculiar productions of a poet, whose genius is with so much justice revered, in Germany, will not be here misplaced. Many pieces which from their dramatic nature and tragical action belong to the present inquiry, are the offspring of the sublime and creative muse of Klopstock. These are little calculated for theatric exhibitions, but glow with the fire of a powerful genius; and are animated by the loftiest spirit of the drama. Among the dramatic poems of Klopstock, the subjects of some are taken from the sacred writings. The death of Adam is marked by great strength and energy, and rises in many parts to the terrible and sublime. The national and captivating

themes of the times of old, when the fierce unconquered German struggled for freedom with the masters of the world, have furnished subjects for three more poems, by the author of the *Messias*, which combine the character and interest of the drama, with the licence of lyric poetry. Assuming the fire and enthusiasm of the old Etruscan bards, the poet gives full scope to the wildness of a glowing imagination, and the grandeur of forcible conception, while he paints the exploits or sings the death of Herman, the bulwark of German liberty. The spirit of these pieces suggest the wish that Klopstock had added one more laurel to his fame, by giving the world a regular tragedy.



A PREPARATION for rendering Wood less combustible.

Translated from *Journal Economique*.

EXPERIENCE sufficiently proves, that dry wood flames in the fire, and that one kind of wood burns sooner than another.

The more oily parts there are in wood, the more its pores are open; and the more they are shut within, the fire must act with more force to dissolve it. The oil nourishes the fire, and the air contained in the pores of the wood, augments the separation and dilatation of the parts, which keep the matter of the wood together, or surmounts and destroys the attraction by which the particles of the wood cohere.

We know there is in nature, a quantity of salts, which do not kindle in the fire, doubtless, because they do not contain oil, which serves as match in natural bodies. Among these salts may be reckoned alum, which being heated, rises up in a kind of a blister, occasion-

ed by the phlegm and air; but this instantly sinks into a dry and calcined matter, which will not consume in the fire. Wherefore such an incombustible salt, being insinuated into the little corners, and concealed pores of the wood, so as to drive out all the air, which they formerly contained; the fire can no longer act upon the oily particles of the wood, thus preserved by the salt which lines their receptacles.

Besides, we know that dry wood receives a quantity of water in its pores, and that salt put in water, melts and dissolves, until the water is perfectly impregnated with it. Hence it is evident, that when dry wood is steeped in water thus impregnated, the particles of the salt must penetrate into the small interstices, and concealed pores of the wood. Now, if the salt in question is naturally incombustible, when

when the water is dried up, the wood must resist the fire, on account of the saline particles with which it is lined; consequently become less combustible.

This fact is confirmed by the following proof. The people that worked in an alum mine, threw into the fire several pieces of old tubs, and other vessels which had been much used in boiling alum: but these fragments of wood, being penetrated with alum, would by no means take fire, although they were left a long time among other combustibles. The force of an over-heat, however, consumed them at last; but they never kindled into flame.

From what has been said, it is easy to comprehend the cause of this incombustibility. It is evident, for the same reason, that if the pores of the wood were occupied by other salts of the same nature with that of alum, the effect of the flame upon it would be less, and the dissolution rendered still more difficult. This perfectly agrees with what has been advanced by a great naturalist, who pretends, that if several incombustible salts, such as sea salt, vitriol and

alum mixed together, be dissolved in water, any sort of wood boiled in that water, will acquire from it the virtue of preserving itself against the action of fire.

This method would, doubtless, be of great advantage, could it be practised upon timber for carpenters' work; and perhaps it will be one day brought to such perfection. But, in the mean time, it may be advantageously used, in preparing wood for inlaying cabinets, and wainscoating apartments; thus preventing such fatal fires as have been more than once occasioned by a simple communication of the fire in the chimney, with the board that was nearest it. This preparation may likewise be used upon wooden instruments that approach the fire, such as oven-forks, shovels, &c. especially in remote places, where it is not easy to find others, when those which people have, are suddenly damaged or rendered useless by the fire. In a word, workmen may, by means of this water, make several curious improvements, as the salts will infallibly communicate to the wood, a solidity which nature has refused.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The MEMORIALIST. No. VIII.

ASERVILE imitation of the sentiments and manners of great men is an unworthy feature in the character of a rational being. Yet nothing is more common than to behold men implicitly believing whatever their favourite author advances. Such persons have no opinions of their own, they are guided merely by the sentiments of others. These camelian-like gentlemen would do well to consider whether they are not in danger of

having the soundness of their understandings, or the purity of their hearts called in question by the world. But it has been said that a man must pay a deference to the opinions of others, and therefore must conform his outward appearance to the company among whom he resides. Is hypocrisy then to be defended, nay encouraged, before we can be admitted into the society of mankind?—Must every noble principle of the human heart be de-

based

based and prostrated at the shrine of impiety? Is the world then a masquerade, where every man must assume some feigned character, and virtue wear the foul mark of deception? He certainly is an object of pity or contempt, who can maintain such sentiments as these for a moment. Let us then throw aside this dissimulation, and appear to the world as we really are, so that our minds may be read in our countenances!—It is impossible to conceive what mischief is occasioned by a great man's affecting a singularity of opinion or deportment. The foibles of eminent characters are as frequently imitated as their virtues. Thus a young sprig of Parnassus, who cannot attain the flowing elegance of Pope, will at least ape all the defects of that excellent author. He will sit in company with an air of reserve, and affect an absence of mind. If he speaks, which is very seldom, his words drop from his lips with so much caution and slowness, that one would imagine that he spoke by beating time, as the musician does when he sings. But the cause of his silence is easily accounted for. If he were to converse freely on subjects, the deception would be immediately seen through, and the jackdaw would be stripped of the tinsel plumage that he has borrowed. How ridiculous is this affectation!—Though we derive pleasure from observing a baboon mimic the actions of a man, yet it is always mingled with a secret degree of contempt. In the same manner, though a man of knowledge may admire the dexterity that a literary fop will exhibit in order to impose on the understandings of mankind, yet he always avoids his company with detestation. From hence results a most important rule, that every man of literature

ought to appear as he really is, and if he has any singularities in his deportment, to divest himself of them.

Another propensity in the composition of some men, and which equally merits the lash of censure, is that of plagiarism. This evil springs from the same source with the former. When quotations are made from authors, without giving them credit, it is nothing less than literary theft. A plagiarist acknowledges the superiority of his author, by transcribing his ideas, and at the same time virtually confesses his own meanness, by not referring his reader to the true source of his information. It must be confessed, that in the present day, when every topic is almost exhausted, when the whole universe of science has been rambled through for new materials, it is almost impossible to write any thing original. Recourse must then be had to authors; but it is one thing to improve and enlarge on their ideas, and quite another to filch their very expressions and adopt them as our own. Indeed I cannot express myself better on this head, than in the words of the celebrated Peter Pindar—

"I do not blame thy borrowing a hint,
For to be plain, there's nothing in't;

The man who scorns to do it is a log—
An eye, an ear, a tail, or nose,
Where modesty one might suppose,

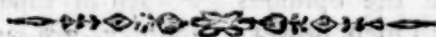
But z——ds you must not smuggle the
whole dog."

But I have heard these plagiarists contend, that if they borrowed from an author his ideas, and varied a little his manner of expression, they might justly claim his sentiments as their own. Certainly then the greatest dunce in literature might write an essay on the human understanding equivalent to Mr. Locke. He has only to sit down and to copy

Mr.

Mr. Locke's ideas with a few trifling variations, and his design is accomplished. Here then our spruce author might come forward on the public stage, with unblushing front, and tear the laurel of applause from the brows of one of the greatest men that ever existed.— Sometimes it has been held that a transmutation of property will alter the nature of the thing stated, and give the felon a legal right to it, but this doctrine will hardly be allowed in this country. I would therefore caution these gentlemen, and advise them not to be so extravagant as to believe that merely because they copy the sentiments, and vary the words of an author they can derive any applause or emolu-

ment. The man who steals a purse of guineas, and converts them into dollars, is still an highwayman.— Genius never will stoop to such servile imitation. Bold and original she gazes on the sun; catches the spark of inspiration, and wins her way with the wing of an eagle. A certain noble pride, the offspring of a well instructed mind, forbids her to stoop and follow the course of her predecessors. Whenever she lights, she throws a lustre around her. Grace and dignity attend her movements. By these marks a man of brilliant intellects may be known, while those of low and groveling capacities may be detected by their slavish imitation.



CUSTOMS and MANNERS of different Nations.

THERE is not any place in the world, where there is a greater medley than there is in the presidency of Bombay. This region being conveniently situated, not only for commerce by sea with all maritime nations, but also for communication by land, with the Persian empire; part of which having been conquered by *Timur-Beg*, is now a part of the Mogul Empire. Here, besides Europeans of all countries, you meet with Turks, Persians, Arabians, Armenians, a mixed race, the vilest of their species, descended from the Portuguese, and the outcasts from the Gentoo religion, &c. The Turks that resort to this place on account of trade, are, like the rest of their countrymen, stately, grave, and reserved; and honest in their dealings, though merchants. The Persians are more gay, lively, and conversible, but I would trust less to their honesty in matters of trade,

than I would to the saturnine Turks. The Arabians are all life and fire, and when they treat with you on any subject, will make you a fine oration in flowing numbers, and a musical cadence; but they are the most dishonest of all. The Armenians are generally handsome in their features, mild in their tempers, and in their nature kind and beneficent. They are a kind of Christians, and an honour to that sect. The Turks and Persians are, for the most part, stout-bodied men; but the Arabians are of a smaller stature, and slender: yet these last are accounted the best soldiers. I have been a witness to their agility, and I am told their courage is equal to their activity. I saw a kind of war pantomime between three Persians and three Arabs: they naturally fought in pairs. The Persians kept their ground, and warded off the blows that were aimed at them in the best manner they

they could. The Arabians, on the contrary, when a stroke was aimed at them, sprung up in the air to an incredible height, and instantly made an attack on their antagonists. In the mean time, both Persians and Arabs were singing, or rather muttering some sentences which I did not understand. The Persians, I was told were singing the exploits of SHAH-NADIR, and the Arabs were invoking the assistance of their prophet.

There is a race of mortals in this country, that they call *Cassies*, that are slaves to every other tribe: they have black woolly hair, and came originally from Cafraya, in the south promontory of Africa. I converse sometimes with these poor devils; for I think that the opinions and sentiments of all men, however abject their state, deserve attention. They tell me that the *Moor mans* are better masters than the *Christian mans*. They are sensible of their inferiority in education, at least, if not innature, to Moors, Hindoos, and Christians; and seem contented with their situation. They are so habituated to slavery, that I am persuaded they have lost all desire of freedom; and that they are happier in the service of a good master, who is their protector and their god, than they would be in a state of independence: in the same manner that a dog would leave the greatest abundance of food in a desert, and joyfully perform with his owner, even though he should sometimes beat him, a long and tedious journey, subjected to the pain of hunger and of thirst.

The natives of this country are more slim and generally of a shorter stature, than Europeans. It is a curious sight, to see their children running about naked, and speaking by the time they are half a

year old. I was astonished to be saluted by these little figures, who, after giving me the *salam*, putting their hands to their foreheads, and bowing to the very ground, would ask for something: for all the children of the lower casts are great beggars; and they go stark naked until they are nearly arrived at the age of puberty. Their mental faculties, as well as their bodily powers, arrive much sooner at maturity than those of Europeans do: yet, it is not true, as is commonly believed, that they sooner decay. Eastern luxury, which effects novelty only in the *zenana*, seeks for new wives, and soon discards the old: but many fine women are deserted in this manner; and in general the women of thirty or forty in this country, are as well favoured as women of that age in Europe. A native of India, who considers a woman merely as an instrument of pleasure, would be infinitely surprised at the condescension of a good hale man of sixty walking with a wife of upwards of fifty, hanging on his arm.

Children are all taught reading and arithmetic in the open air. They learn to distinguish the letters, and the figures they use in their arithmetic (which I have been told, is a kind of Algebra) by forming them with their own hands, either in the sand or on boards.

Marriages are contracted by boys and girls, and consummated as soon as they arrive at puberty; that is, when the men are thirteen years of age, and the women nine or ten. The marriage ceremony is performed three times; once when the couple are mere infants; a second time, when the gentleman may be about eight or nine years old, and the lady five or six; and the third

third and last time at the age I have already specified. Between the first and second marriage ceremonies, the young couple are allowed to see each other : they run about and play together as other children do ; and knowing they are destined for each other, commonly conceive, even at that early period, a mutual affection. But after the second time of marriage ; they are separated from each other ; the bride, especially if she be a person of condition, being shut up in the women's apartment until the happy day of the third and last ceremony, when the priest sprinkles on the bride and bridegroom abundance of rice, as an emblem of fruitfulness.

These early contracts are undoubtedly well calculated to inspire the parties with a mutual and lasting affection. The earliest part of life is in every country the happiest ; and every object is pleasing that recalls to the imagination that blessed period. The ductile minds of the infant lovers are easily twined into one ; and the happiest time of their life is associated with the sweet remembrance of their early connection. It is not so with your brides and bridegrooms of thirty, forty, and fifty : they have had *previous*

attachments ; the best part of life is past before their union, perhaps, before they ever saw each other.

I had once the honour to be present at the wedding of a PERSEE of good condition. Of this I shall give you a minute description. Important matters you will find in the writings of grave historians : what I shall relate, will be such trifling circumstances as are below the notice of those personages, but which, nevertheless, curiosity might wish to know.

In Hindostan, the expense of clothes is almost nothing ; and that of food, firing and lodging, to the natives I mean, very trifling. The Hindoos are not addicted to any expensive vices, their passions and desires being gentle and moderate. Yet they are frugal and industrious, and as eager to amass riches as any of the natives of Europe. A Jew, a Dutchman, or a Scotch pedlar, is not more attentive to profit and loss. What is the reason of this ? They are lovers of splendor and magnificence in every thing, but particularly in what relates to their women. It is in their *harems*, but especially on occasion of their marriages, that they pour forth the collected treasures of many industrious years.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The INVESTIGATOR. No. VII.

" Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco."—VIRG. ÆL.

TO drop a tear over the manes of virtue ; to wait with trembling anxiety around the bed of sickness ; is the lot of sympathetic benevolence, and divine humanity. When the last tyrant holds conflict with apostacy, and the records of transgression are too visible to pass unnoticed ; we are

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G

too apt to forsake the dying wretch unfolaced and unpitied. It is then that our aid is more than ever required ; then should the exertion of the man and christian be doubly conspicuous : every feeling, enlivened, should be exerted to comfort and reform : the terrors of death should be so far removed, as

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not to cloud with horror the awakened mind; every thought is then in equilibrio, as it respects a blissful, or wretched hereafter. If the benevolent christian attends him, by all-securing faith, reason and religion, he opens a path to forgiveness: thereby, the sword, which guarded the entrance of paradise is replaced in its scabbard, and the new Jerusalem brightens on the traveller. More blissful is the progress and prospect of those, who have long walked in the way of divine virtue; they with the eye of vision enjoy happiness internal and unutterable; partake of blessedness below, and walk with God on earth.

The thoughts of such participation were enough to awaken the dormant mind, and urge to the practice of all the moral, social, and relative virtues.

But that religion consists in rigid austerity has been the belief of many; nor would they suffer themselves to confide in any contrary mode of conduct. This in a great measure creates a distaste in the minds of the young and the gay. It keeps morality at a forbidding distance, and rather tends to awaken than advance the cause of christianity. And now we are told that gloomy superstition, like the morning vapor, recedes from the piercing rays of religious improvement, and the penetrating eye of modern philosophy.

It is true, the times are changed, and religion, like the coats of the three brothers, (spoken of in the tale of the Tub) is greatly altered from its ancient simplicity. The gaudy appendages are not only destroyed, but in taking off the trimmings the nap is most shockingly defaced.

In speaking of religion, (as an

approximate) we introduce benevolence and its sister humanity. They are the noblest companions of the soul, and the brightest ornaments of the character; teaching man to feel for man, pointing out the duties necessary for society and fellowship, and guiding the arm of strength to the support of weakness. To succour those in distress and affliction; to mitigate the wants of the poor and direct the unthoughtful; are offices belonging to humanity and benevolence. When life's lamp glimmers, and the rosy cheek turns to a ghastly pale: to behold a companion with anxious eye, and trembling hand watching each change of pulse, feeling almost alike with us the increasing malady, is a sight grateful to the soul and sacred to sympathetic benevolence and divine humanity.

"Poor Eliza! she is gone" said Alphere—the tear stealing down his manly cheek, as he spake.—"I knew her, but, alas!—must know her no more.—her lambs bleat around her cottage—her little dog lays on the sod which covers her: his cries are echoed from the forest, and the village is sad.—the stream is no longer delightful—the flowers of her garden are faded;—and the sweet singing bird who received his food from her hand, hops mournful by her door. Alas! whither shall I go to divest me of the gloom and wretchedness, which presses hard upon me? If I seek the plain, vestiges of Eliza present themselves before me:—there she trod, and on that rock she watched her tender charge:—to that brook she led them, and under this shade they slept at sultry noon. "The soft sounding lute is heard no more. The moonlight dance is over, and the weary shepherds retire to rest without those innocent pleasures,

pleasures, which delighted their hearts and gave a zest to life.— Her aged parents unable to support the shock have yielded to the ruthless hand of fate. Their bodies lie mingling with her's, and one rough stone points out the sacred spot. There the villagers duteously meet—shed the warm tears of real grief, and deck the sod with the richest flowers of the valley.”

Eliza was a shepherdess, esteemed and beloved by all that knew her, of a disposition sweet and affable : a mind rich by nature, and not unassisted by art. Her address was amiable and engaging, and her person such as a connoisseur would willingly approve. Such was Eliza, the joy and delight of the village. Many were her suitors ; but Collin alone was the companion of her heart. The no-

bleness of his mind, the ease of his manners, and the elegance of his form were inducements sufficient to enamour Eliza. She loved him, and felt her fate too strongly linked with his, to withhold an avowal of her passion. Collin's happiness depended on a return of affection. He had known the power of grief, and the effect of disappointment. The frowns of fortune were to be borne in business, but not in love. They were designed for each other, and mutual in esteem. Bliss dawned upon them, and delusive hope darted a peaceful, pleasing ray down the horizon of their existence ; but—I would that ye had not tears, then would I proceed ; yet having tears, which mark you as children of benevolence and humanity, I desist from relating the catastrophe.

HOUSE OF CORRECTION in Barcelona.

From Townsend's Travels in Spain.

THERE is one house of correction which is too remarkable to be passed over in silence. It embraces two objects ; the first is the reformation of prostitutes and female thieves ; the second the correction of women who fail in their obligation to their husbands ; and of those who either neglect or disgrace their families. The house for these purposes being divided into distinct portions, without any communication between them, the one is called *real casa de galera*, and the other *real casa de correccion*. For each of those who are shut up in the former the king allows seven deniers to purchase eighteen ounces of bread, and nine deniers, which is nearly one penny sterling, to procure meat. The fund for this arises from fines ; but to aid

this fund the women are obliged to work as long as they can see. By their labor they earn about five shillings a month, half of which they have for themselves, whilst, of the other half the Alcayde, or governor, has one eighteenth to stimulate his attention to his duty. These women, working thus from light to light, would earn much more were it not for the multitude of holy days. The ladies, who deserve more severe correction than their husbands, fathers, or other relations can properly administer, are confined by the magistrates for a term proportioned to their offences in this royal mansion, or *casa real de correccion*. The relation at whose suit they are taken into custody pays three sueldos, or four pence half penny per day for their maintenance ;

maintenance; and with this scanty provision they must be contented. Here they are compelled to work, and the produce of their labor is deposited for them till the time of their confinement is expired. The whole building will contain five hundred women; but at present* there are only one hundred and thirteen. Among these are some ladies of condition, who are supposed to be visiting some distant friends. Here they receive bodily correction when it is judged necessary for their reformation. This establishment is under the direction and government of the *Regente de la audiencia*, assisted by the two senior criminal judges with the alcaide and his attendants.

* April, 1786.

One of these judges conducted me through the several apartments, and from him I received my information. Among other particulars, he told me that they had then under discipline a lady of fashion, accused of drunkenness, and of being imprudent in her conduct. As she was a widow, the party accusing was her brother in law, the marquis of —.

The judges of the court are universally acknowledged to be men of probity, and worthy of the high degree of confidence thus placed in them. One of them, Don Francisco de Zamora, to whom I am indebted for the most polite attentions, is a gentleman of indefatigable application and of universal knowledge.

R E V I E W.

A Paraphrase on some parts of the book of Job.—8vo. Hall print, 39 p.

THE book of Job, remarkable for its venerable antiquity, has been admired in every age, and by writers of the first rank in genius, taste, and learning, for its majesty and sublimity, the harmony of its poetry, and the perfection of its design. "It excels, says Mr. Scott, in conciseness, force, and fullness of expression, in masterly painting both of the violent and tender passions, in moving representations of human life, great powers of description, and the noble simplicity of its theology and ethics."—To give therefore, a metrical version which will bear comparison with the magnificence of the original, or even with the correct simplicity of our common translation, must require all the skill, and exercise all the genius, of one who is "master of the force, variety, and sweetness of English numbers."—The author of the present paraphrase must have

felt all these difficulties. And though his version falls far below the precision and neatness of Dr. Young's, and the correctness and harmony of Mr. Scott's, it possesses considerable merit and some beauties.

A few quotations must justify our acknowledgment of its worth. And our readers may be assured that the following are its most prominent beauties.

The accuser then—"Doth Job serve God for nought?"

"Dearly indeed is his obedience bought. How highly blest! Each produce of the field

Is his! what herds, what large increase they yield!

His house thou guardest and dost richly feed;

But let him know the wretchedness of need;

His pride, if but bereavements, once abase, Thy Job will curse his Maker to his face."

Job's description of the tranquillity he might have found in the grave

is

is expressed in smooth versification.

For now I might have slumber'd with the
just, [dust ;

Where kings and slaves partake an equal
Where all the wicked are forbid to reign ;
And where th' oppress'd poor no more
complain :

Where groaning pris'ners find a full release ;
And men no longer are at war with
peace.

I might, unconscious of all human woes,
With princes of renown have had repose,
Whose palaces, while several ages roll'd,
Shone brightly with accumulated gold ;
Whose arts, with cities, grac'd the unlove-
ly wild ;

Made desolation glad, and horror mild.
Oran abortive outcast, I might rest,
In all the quiet of oblivion blest.

The following expostulation is
happily expressed.

" Shall mortal man, than God be call'd
more just ? [trust ?

And purer, than the world's almighty
Seraphs immaculate, those sons of light,
Are sullied and polluted in his sight.

Compar'd with him, their beauty is a stain ;
Their wisdom folly, their importance vain.
What then is man ? whose house is brit-
tle clay,

Built on the dust, and to the moth a prey.
How frail, how transitory, is his frame ?
How, in a moment, perishes his name ?"

Job says of the remarks of his
friends,

———"the kindness you profess
Adds only disappointment to distress."

" Well chosen words are forcible to move ;
But what do your weak arguings re-
reprove."

Describing his agonies he says,
" Each nerve is torture, and a pang each
pulse."

His friends are warm in their
debates.

" They move him in the almighty still
to trust,

Whose acts of penalty are ever just,
With penitence his trespasss to declare,
And pour his spirit in the zeal of prayer."

Our author introduces, in page
34, a description of the ant from the
6th chapter of Proverbs.

Go to the ant ; learn of its ways, be wise :
It early heaps its stores, lest want surprize.
Skill'd in the various year, the prescient
sage, [rage ;

Beholds the summer chill'd in winter's

Survey its arts ; in each partition'd cell,
Economy and plenty deign to dwell.

And he refers to the same insect
in another place where the Deity is
describing his extensive goodness.

With equal eye on *emmits* who look down,
And raptur'd seraphs who surround my
throne."

Though the insect is never once
mentioned in the original.

The Almighty enquires of the
self-commending sufferer—

Am I indebted for the gifts I own ?

Behold what ever lives, is mine alone.

Where'er the zephyr breathes, or genial
shower [flower

The parched meadow glads ; or fragrant
Prefumes the plain ; where'er the orient
dew [hue ;

Adorns with pearl each sweetly blushing
Where'er the fruitage shoots, or loaded
tree, [from me.

All breathe, rejoice, perfume, and blush

But there are some conspicuous
faults.—Many of the chimes are
harsh : and the versification is not
in general spirited or smooth. Some
of the epithets are incongruous and
some ridiculous.

We find such rhymes as *alone*,
crown ; shoot, lot ; league, plague ;
been, men ; woes, loose ; reproach'd,
vouch'd ; mass, grace ; &c. and air,
war, and year ; are made to chime
together. In page 1st, "echoing hills"
are represented as *jocundly braying*,
and camels as *smoking* beneath their
tasks. The field is said to display
an *argent* pomp ;" and the sun is de-
scribed in page 27, as moving on
" his *argent* way." Branches are de-
scribed page 18, gayly *blooming* with
fruit.

The piteous friend to misery yields relief,
His counsel *kindles* hope and *quenches*,
grief."

Job's passion [p. 24] is said to be
" of limit loose." We read in p. 30,
of " the *fervour* of *inclement* day ;"
and of the horse, in p. 35, that

" His eye on prostrate hosts already *paw*."

The editor appears to be igno-
rant that an edition of this poem

was published in Boston by I. Thomas in 1773. The present, to be sure, is very considerably enlarged; but would have been benefited by a comparison with the other, which was probably prepared by the author himself for the press, and printed under his own inspection.

For the fate of the author we feel the most sensible regret. It has but too frequently been the lot of genius.

The preface of the work we have been examining contains the following affecting biographical sketch.

"The author of the following pages was born in Charlestown, *Massachusetts*, October 23, 1749.—He early discovered a taste for books, and a genius for the sciences. While at the public school in his native town, so singular was his progress in the rudiments of knowledge there taught, that he attracted the particular notice of his master; who often, and with earnestness, urged his affectionate father to give him a collegiate education. His father consented, and our author accordingly, having passed through the usual preparatory studies, was admitted a member of the college at Princetown, in New-Jersey, in the year 1764, of which the Rev. Doctor Samuel Finley was then president. He passed the customary period at college with great reputation to himself, and received its first honors in 1768. The three succeeding years after he left college, he spent in teaching schools in some part of New-Jersey, and in New-York. His abilities soon drew the attention of the governors of the college; and a vacancy happening in one of the tutorships, and in the office of professor of mathematics, he was elected to fill it. Here he continued in the discharge

of the duties of his office, respected and beloved by his pupils, and esteemed by his acquaintance, till the year 1774, when, in consequence of too close and intense application to his studies, a disorganization of his intellectual powers ensued, and his reason forsook him at the early age of twenty-four years. From that time to the present, he has continued an affecting, living monument to parents and near connections, to be cautious how they place their affections too ardently on a promising child or brother; or suffer their hopes to be too much elevated, when brilliant talents appear to tempt them. Suddenly, as in this instance, may their complacent love be changed into affectionate pity, and their fairest prospects succeeded with hopeless disappointment.

"Previous to this melancholy period, which deprived the literary world of a bright and increasing ornament, and a tender parent and numerous connexions of their pleasing hope, our author had written the following "paraphrase on some parts of the book of Job." From the appearance of the manuscript, it is evidently an unfinished work. The author probably wrote it for his own amusement; and if he contemplated its future publication, he doubtless intended to correct, polish and perfect it in maturer life. We have to regret that it could not have the finishing stroke of his once skilful hand.

"It is now made public at the earnest desire, and for the use of his numerous relations and friends, as a memorial of what the author once was, and to preserve the remains of a noble genius—now in ruins."

CABINET



CABINET OF APOLLO.

INDEPENDENCE—1795.

FESTIVE bands, with garlands crown'd!
Come push the nectar'd goblet round,
While matrons grave, and virgins gay,
Adorn the triumphs of the day—
And, pleas'd the mazy dance to lead,
Trip lightly o'er the daisied mead:
Let cannons rock the wond'ring earth,
And thund'ring, speak a nation's birth!
Now let the flag of Freedom fly—
Now crown, once more, the goblet high;
We toast Columbia's favorite son—
The great, the gallant WASHINGTON.
Nor arms alone our honors claim;
We much respect the Statesman's name;
Sages whose lore the age improv'd,
By men rever'd by Heaven below'd,
To civic worth libations pay,
And quaff the enliv'ning draught to Jay.
Now fill the bowl with mildest wine,
And round the brim fresh roses twine;
Lydian flutes, and Doric reeds,
Shall sound the gentle conqueror's deeds;
And, while rich odours fill the air,
We toast Columbia's virtuous Pair.

Vive la Republique.

ODE TO NONCHALANCE.

TO thee, the Wretched's only friend!
My trembling soul I bring;
Its griefs, its cares, it flies to hide
Beneath thy shelt'ring wing.
●! to its prayer, by torture penn'd,
Its long-lost peace restore;
Nor bitter Disappointment's pangs
Permit it to deplore.
Thy sacred rod to me extend,
Which dipt in Lethe's stream,
Has power to make each anguish past
Appear but as a dream.
Then even Friendship's laws betray'd,
My sober soul shall view
With resignation calm; nor wish,
That e'er my friends were true.

Then shall my peaceful bosom, late
By jealous passions rent,
Expecting, hoping, only ease,
With ease enjoy content.

And those for whom these lines I write,
Whom late I loved so well,
Whose faith estrang'd, and cool neglect,
My broken heart can tell;

For them may every joy unite,
Which fleeting days supply!
Nor may they, in their happy hours,
On hope bestow a sigh!

Nor ever mourn a change like mine
With heart-corroding grief,
Nor ever form a prayer like mine,
To give that heart relief!

While steel'd by apathy, my soul
Life's chequer'd favour meets;
Content its bitters to avoid,
By giving up its sweets.

TO LOVE.

O CRUEL love! encroaching guest!
Leave my disturb'd tormented breast;
Return me back my former rest!
Thou charming anguish, pleasing pain,
Give me my long lost peace again!
As when I rang'd the live long day,
O'er verdant fields with flowers made gay;
When to avoid the scorching heat,
I hasted to some cool retreat;
Where spreading trees their branches
twine,
I did on mossy banks recline;
I listen'd to the whispering breeze,
That fan'd the gently—bending trees;
I heard the murm'ring stream with joy,
As on its flowery side I lay;
Well pleas'd could hear the feather'd
throng,
And to their notes I join'd my song!
But all those pleasures now are o'er,
Those rural scenes can please no more;
Not all the beauties of the spring,
To me alas! repose can bring;

Nor

Nor morning walk, nor noon day bower,
Can free me from thy tyrant power;
Nor cooling breeze delight can yield;
Nor the gay flow'r—enamel'd field;
Nor the hoarse murmurs of the flood;
Nor all the songsters of the wood!

TO HOPE.

DESPAIR away! sweet hope remain!
O! stay and ease my heart-felt pain!
Reliev'd by thee I cease to grieve,
'Tis thou that mak'st me wish to live;
O! soothe me with thy cheering smile,
And all my cruel pains beguile;
Dry up my tears, my sighs suppress;
And bid me wait for happiness;
Peace to my swelling bosom give—
But O! I fear thou dost deceive,
My reason whispers, "O! beware
And carefully avoid the snare;
For hope to love is near ally'd,
His constant friend and surest guide."
'Tis true relief thou do'st impart,
And pour'st soft balm into my heart;
But should thy promises be vain,
They would but aggravate my pain;
If disappointment should destroy,
Those flattering dreams of coming joy,
My reason still might vainly plead,
But want the power to give me aid!
What then could charm my soul to rest,
Or calm the tumults in my breast?
—Then come despair! I'll bear thy smart,
And take possession of my heart.

ADDRESS TO POVERTY.

— O vite tuæ facultas
*Obscuræ, augustique laves, O munera nondum
Intellecta Deum.* LUCAN.

PALE want! thou goddess of consump-
tive hue,
If thou delight to haunt me still in view;
If still thy presence must my steps attend,
At least continue, as thou art, my friend.

When wide example bids me be unjust,
False to my word, or faithless to my trust;
Bid me the baneful error, counsell'd, see,
And shun the world to find repose in thee;

When vice to wealth would turn my
partial eye,
Or interest shut my ear to sorrow's cry;
Or leading custom would my reason bend
My foe to flatter, or desert my friend;
Present, kind Poverty, thy temper'd
shield,
And bear me off, unvanquish'd, from the
field!

If giddy fortune should return again,
With all her idle, restless, wanton train;
Her magic glass should false ambition
hold,
Or avarice bid me put my trust in gold;
To my relief, thou virtuous goddess, haste,
And with thee bring thy smiling daugh-
ters chaste,
Health, liberty, and wisdom;—sisters
bright!
Whose charms can make the worst con-
dition light;
Beneath the hardest fate the mind can
cheer,
Can heal affection and disarm despair;
In chains, in torments, pleasure can be-
queath,
And dress in smiles the tyrant brow of
death.

S O N G

*For Mrs. Gibber, in the Way to Keep Him.—
Written by Garrick.*

YE fair married dames who so often de-
plore,
That a lover once blest, is a lover no more;
Attend to my council, nor blush to be
taught,
That prudence must cherish, what beauty
has caught.
The bloom of your cheek, and the
glance of your eye,
Your roses, and lilies may make the men
sigh:
But roses and lilies and sighs pass away,
And passion will die, as your beauties de-
cay.

Use the man that you wed, like your
fav'rite Guitar,
Tho' music in both, they are both apt to
jar;
Now tuneful and soft from a delicate
touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on
too much.
The Sparrow and Linnet will feed from
your hand;
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at
command;
Exert with your husband the same happy
skill,

For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd
to your will.
Be gay and good humour'd, complying
and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your
face to your mind;
'Tis therethat a wife may her conquest im-
prove,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love.

For

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

LEANDER TO PHILURA,

With his Miniature.

ACCEPT, dear nymph the gift I send,
 Pledge of affection tried and true!
 O think with kindness on the friend
 Whose pictur'd semblance here you
 view!

O take the pledge of love, and keep it.
 In thy soft bosom may it rest.
 And when its tender sighs shall meet it,
 Believe thy absent lover blest. L.

Hartford, June 24.

O D E,

From Richardson's Specimen of Persian Poetry.

HITHER, O Sophist, hither fly,
 Behold this joy-inspiring bowl!
 Bright as a ruby to the eye,
 How must the taste rejoice the soul!

Love's sacred myst'ries would you know,
 Learn them amidst the young, the gay;
 Where mirth and wine profusely flow,
 And mind not what the grave ones say.

He wastes his time in idle play,
 Who for the griffin spreads his snare:
 'Tis vain—no more your nets display,
 You only catch the fleeting air.

Since Fortune veers with every wind,
 Enjoy the present happy hours:
 Lo! the great Father of mankind
 Was banish'd Eden's blissful bowers.

Drink then, nor dread the approach of age,
 Nor let sad cares your mirth destroy;
 For on this transitory stage
 Think not to taste perpetual joy.

The spring of youth now disappears,
 Why pluck you not Life's only rose?
 With virtue mark your future years,
 This earthly scene with honour close.

With generous wine then fill the bowl,
 Swift, swift to Jami, Zephyr, fly,
 Tell him that Friendship's flow of soul
 Whilst Hafez lives, shall never die.

A S I G H.

By Mrs. Robinson.

GO, sigh! go, viewless herald of my
 breast,
 And breathe upon the roses of his cheek!
 Play round his brow, with waving ring-
 lets drest,
 And whisper, more than timid love
 dares speak.

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H

Ah! steal not near his lips, presumptuous
 sigh;

Sure fascination will enthral thee
 there,

Nor tempt the dear delicious, danger-
 ous snare,

That lurks about the witchcraft of his eye.

But to his pensive ear impart my love,
 In murmurs soft, my tender woes relate;
 Tell him, eternal anguish is thy fate,
 If cold indifference should thy tale re-
 prove.

Then—if he scorns thee, come, poortrem-
 bling guest,

And live the silent tenant of my breast?

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

AN ELEGY

To the Memory of General LEE.

GREAT vet'ran chief; now mingled
 with the dust,
 Though deaf alike to censure or to
 praise;

And though thy merits in oblivion rust,
 The muse one friendly monument
 would raise.

Thy dogs no more attend thee to the war,
 Or lie around thee in thy humble shed,*
 No more their masters frugal feast they
 share,

No more from his own table are they,
 fed.†

His voice no longer calls them forth to
 play,
 Whose tender care their hungry mouth
 supplied;

But moaning sad his loss and long delay,
 These faithful friends soon pin'd away
 and died.

Thy name is still to every patriot dear
 Thy faults were many, but thy virtues
 more,

Thy sacred love of freedom was sincere;
 And nought but thy warm temper we
 deplore.

*Twas

* At his retirement from the army, he indulg-
 ed in a stile of living peculiar to himself; adopt-
 ing the most rigid economy, and dwelling in a man-
 sion that more resembled a barn than a house.

† General Lee was so remarkably fond of dogs,
 as to permit them to follow him into any place;
 and sometimes they were allowed to sit on a chair
 at the same table with himself.

'Twas that which made thy vet'ran skill
forgot,

Thy warlike ardor and heroic fire,

'Tis that which stains thy memory with a
blot,

And leaves thy many virtues to expire.

Yet we can ne'er forget the service done,
In southern climes, near Charleston's
torrid strand ;*

When after, to York-Island's post you run,
And turn'd destruction from the patri-
ot band.†

Thy active spirit fann'd the noble flame
From state to state the godlike ardor
flew ;

Each martial bosom kindled at thy name,
And gladly took the field when led by
you.

On Monmouth's sanguine plain thy last
career,

One step—still doubtful whether right
or wrong ;

In which thy courage shone yet strong
and clear,

Calls forth the muses grief, and ends
her song. BLANDULUS.

* The defence of Sullivan's island, which saved
the state of South-Carolina from war for two
years and an half afterwards.

† He was hastily sent for from Georgia by
Congress, and arrived at York-Island just soon en-
ough to save the whole American army from
destruction.

DISAPPOINTMENT OF PASSION. A NUPTIAL ELEGY.

YE golden joys that fir'd my raptur'd
breast,

When Sylvia's eyes the mutual pleasure
caught ;

When to her lov'd and loving bosom prest,
We mingled every soul dissolving tho't:

Where are ye fled ? Ah never to return,
Though my true heart its pristine pas-
sion warms ;

Though in my veins the same fierce ar-
dours burn,

Nor lessen'd are my Sylvia's powerful
charms :

Still in her eyes the pointed lightnings
play,

Still on her cheeks the living roses blow ;

In sprightly youth's unfaded prime still
gay,

And still unmatch'd her bosom's un-
foil'd snow ;

But cold, alas ! to love's engaging arts,
Each glowing spark extinguish'd in her
breast,

No more our meeting mutual fires im-
parts,

Our days are lifeless and our nights un-
blest.

Less curs'd the swain whom Hatred's
baleful power

Has drove injurious from affection's
seat ;

Insulted love will suffer but his hour,
And aided by revenge, at last retreat :

Far happier he, who droops beneath the
frown

Of scornful beauty's well-affected pride,
Hope may befriend, and time his wishes
crown,

To me revenge and hope are both de-
nied :

For love, like youth, its tender moments
past,

No force, no art, no accidents restore ;

Age and indifference will for ever last,
While vainly we their frigid powers
deplore.

The FLEA.

Inscribed to Namby Pamby. Being a ridicule
on Sound without Sense.

LITTLE hind'rer of my rest,
Thus I tear thee from my breast :
Bosom traitor ! pinching harm !
Wounding me, who kept thee warm !
Through my skin thou scatter'st pains,
Crimson'd o'er with cringing stains.

Skippping mischief ! swift as thought !
Sanguine insect ! art thou caught ?

Nought avail thy nimble springs,
Caus'd perhaps by viewless wings :

Those thy teeth that cheat our sight,
Cease their titillating bite :

I, from all thy vengeance freed,
Safe shall sleep and cease to bleed.

TO FLORELLA.

By the late Doctor Doddridge.

SOLEMN courtship hath oft a sad mix-
ture of strife,

But love, my dear girl, adds a relish to life.

Then of present enjoyments let's e'en

make the best,

And leave our kind stars to take care of

the rest.

Thus the pleasures of life shall roll rapid-
ly on,

While we leave all the dregs to the Sage
and the Drone.

SONNET to ADVERSITY.

From the Tablet, a Belles Lettres paper, printed in Boston.

Sweet are the uses of Adversity.—SHAKESP.

NEGLECTED nymph! that with unpitied sigh,

Turn'st thy white cheek to every striking gale,

While the base crew with wounding taunts assail,

And worthless wealth averts his wintry eye!

Yet the rich virtues follow in thy train,

Thine is compassion's tear, submission's calm,

Believing hope, religion's healing balm,
And mild philosophy's instructive strain—

Thine is the plaintive poet's touching song,
That tunes with melody the chords of care,

To smile forgiveness on the cureless wrong,
And heal the wounded spirit of despair.

Oh, may I ne'er forget thy voice divine
But blest the hour that made its precepts mine.

P.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

A SUMMER'S DAY.

NOW morning comes and o'er the mountain clift

Blushes the sun. At first his yellow ray
Trembles along the wave, till brighter grown

Glow's o'er the vault of all encircling heaven.

Forth let us walk and mount *Jaucp-nick's* height

To view the beauties of the opening morn,
Behold yon spreading pool, around whole brink

The willows hang, which shaken by the breeze,

Bend their long bows into the gentle wave

As if to shield them from the summer's heat.

Far in the middle of the silent pool
The king of day beholds his mimic face,
Which seems to illumine another world below.

Now turn and view yon lofty mountain,
Flagged

With bristly pines and studded o'er with rocks:

A direful scene! around the mountain's top

Perpetual horror reigns; while far beneath

With rapid course rough *Houfstonick* rolls.

But when dark night invests the lazy earth

The ghosts of men accurst are often seen,
In solemn pomp to ride the mountain clouds:

When the lone traveller thither shapes his course

Led by the glimmering meteor's doubtful light.

Now turn from this and view the teeming fields

Smiling in plenty and with gladness crowned.

The pastures clothed in green salute the eye;

The balmy groves waft fragrance to the smell,

And bending fruit trees greet the admiring taste.

In yonder wood, where lofty pines and oaks

Attract the passing eye, the feathered race
On every branch sit twittering sportive songs.

Upon the topmost boughs securely build
Their peaceful nests, and tend their callow young.

Here the fly sportsman hunts the plummy tribe,

And with his polished gun stalks cruel round.

Oft on the bough the songful rovers sit,
While fly beneath the hedge the hunter creeps;

Levels his tube.—Sudden the thunder breaks

And echoes thro' the grove! From her high seat

Falls the sweet bird and shuts her eyes in death.

'Tis noon: the sun sends fourth a brighter ray;

And fiercely sheds intolerable heat—
A cooling shade the panting cattle seek,

The gabbling geese search out a silver stream.

Now let us in yon bower ourselves recline;

Where zephyrs whispering in the trees above,

Are answered by the purling stream beneath.

There let us sit and rest ourselves a while;
Nor brave the ardor of the noon-day sun.

But lo! the clouds arise and veil the sky;
Hoarse thunders speak a drizzling shower's approach.

Darkness

Darkest comes on, the rapid lightnings
fly.

The winds arise, the blackening tempest
roars.

With pattering on the leaves, the rain
descends.

But, by degrees, the raging storm sub-
sides,

And once more shines the sun, his level
ray

Strikes the fair dew drops glittering on
the trees.

Forth let us walk, more beauty crowns
the field,

More fragrance floats on every passing
gale.

But lo! the feathered warblers hush
their notes

And scarce a breeze sighs thro' the dewy
grass;

For the sun sinks down the western sky,
And slow draws on the dismal shades of
even.

LINUS.

THE FRENCH PEASANT.

A FABLE.

WHEN things are done, and past
recalling,

'Tis folly then, to fret, to cry.

Prop up a rotten house that's falling,

But when it's down ev'n let it lie.

O patience! patience! thou'rt a jewel,
And like all jewels, hard to find.

'Mongst all the various men you see,

Examine ev'ry mother's son;

You'll find they all in this agree,

To make ten troubles out of one;

When passions rage, they heap on fuel,

And give their reason to the wind.

Hark! don't you hear the General
cry?

"Whose troubles ever equal'd
mine!"

How readily each stander-by

Replies, with captious echo, *mine*.

Sure, from our clime this discord springs:

Heav'n's choicest blessing we abuse.

For every Englishman alive,

Whether Duke, Lord, Esquire, or
gent.

Claims, as his just prerogative,

Ease, liberty, and discontent.

A Frenchman often starves and sings,

With cheerfulness, and wooden shoes.

A peasant of the true French breed,

Was driving in a narrow road,

A cart, with but one sorry steed,

And fill'd with onions; fav'ry load!

Careless, he trudg'd along before,

Singing a Gascon roundelay,

Hard by there ran a whimpering
brook;

The road hung shelving tow'rd's
the brim;

The spiteful wind th' advantage took;

The wheel flies up; the onions
swim;

The peasant saw his fav'rite store,

At one rude blast, all puff'd away.

How would an English clown have
sworn,

To hear them plump and see them
roll?

Have curs'd the day that he was
born,

And, for an onion, damn'd his
soul?

Our Frenchman acted quite as well,

He stopt (and hardly stopt) his song;

First rais'd the bidit from his swoon;

Then stood a little while, to view

His onions, bobbing up and down;

At last he strugglingly cry'd, "*Per-
bleu!*"

Il ne mang' ici que du sel,

Pour faire du potage excellent."

* It wants nothing but salt to make
excellent potage.

THE BEE.

AS late I walk'd t' enjoy that grateful
hour

When early breezes greet the rising day,
A bee before me rov'd from flower to

flower,

And thus she sadly said, or seem'd to say:

"Ah! What will all this toil and care
avail?

Why do I thus o'er hills and vallies roam,
And wearied bear, through many an ad-

verse gale,

The spoil nectareous to my distant home?

In vain, alas! for when our work is o'er,
And cells o'erflowing all our care repay,

Sulphureous flames, snatch'd from th' in-
fernal shore,

To one long grave shall sweep our race
away!

'Tis true, protection thy warm hives af-
ford,

For which a portion of our wealth be-
thine:

With liberal hand take of our luscious
food;

Spare, spare our lives, our treasure we re-
sign!"

MONTHLY

MONTHLY GAZETTE.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

WAR in the EAST-INDIES.

MAY 8.

DISPATCHES were yesterday received at the India House, with an account of the hostile operations lately taken place in the Rohilla country. The Rohilla chiefs having committed some trespass on the Nabob's territories, which the British were bound by treaty to defend, general Abercrombie was dispatched with a powerful force into the Rohilla country. The chiefs, in the mean time, had collected a formidable force, and a very severe action was fought between their troops and the British, in which the latter was successful. The victory, however was dearly purchased, and the loss in British officers was very great. No further resistance was made by the Rohilla army, and the chiefs having accepted the terms offered them by the British, hostilities ceased on both sides.

The Dey of Algiers, a faithful ally of France, has forbidden all exportation of grains, except for the port of that Republic.

The Algerines. We are happy to have it in our power to contradict a large part of those reports which have stated that the Algerine cruizers had sailed into the Atlantic. The letter of Mr. Skipwith, the Consul-General of the United States in France, which mentions the peace between Portugal and Algiers, is dated the 9th Floreal (April 28th)—whereas by the Brig Neptune, arrived here from Gibraltar, which she left the 9th May, we are assured, the Portuguese squadron was then at Gibraltar, consisting of seven sail, three or four of which were continually on the cruise to prevent those free-booters sailing into the Atlantic:—And further, that there did not exist at Gibraltar a suspicion of such an event.

The scarcity of grain now experienced from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, has not, perhaps, been equalled in the present century. The fertile fields of Belgium, once the most cultivated and productive soil in Europe, are now fallow and barren; and the late order of the British cabinet will so fatally intercept the communication of foreign supplies that every signal exertion of the convention will be requisite to avert a scene of distress, un-

paralleled in the most eventful moments of the revolution.

The Porte has pardoned the Pache of Scutari, and honoured him with the favor of the Sultan and the tails of a bashaw. A bashaw named Alup, guilty of felony, has also received a free pardon. The policy of that court seems to be to conciliate enmities, and to strengthen the navy.

ENGLAND.

By an account presented from the excise office to the house of commons, it appears, that the quantity of flour consumed in the manufacture of hair powder in a year would, if made into bread, produce *thirty millions and an half of quatern loaves!!!*

The East-India company have voted Mr. Hastings 71,000*l.* as an indemnification for his law expenses during his long prosecution, and in consideration of his long, faithful, and important services, a grant of annuity of 5000*l.* from the 1st January, 1795.

LONDON, JUNE 10.

A messenger just arrived from St. Petersburg, brings a ratification of the treaty, negotiated between the Empress of Russia, and our court, by which the former binds herself to a prosecution of the war, to furnish 12 sail of the line and 8 frigates, which may soon be expected to reach one of our ports.

FRANCE.

PARIS, MAY 20.

Notwithstanding the terrible misery which prevails among a numerous part of the people of Paris, it seems to be felt in a small degree (with an exception of some unhappy wretches, who seem spiritless) the rest of this metropolis wear an aspect of prosperity. The fair sex are more lively than ever; and we see spirited horses, with splendid harness and carriages, though few in number, on account of the dearth of forrage.

The depreciation and public contempt of assignats, have produced their worst effects, which are, ill humour among the honest, dismay and discouragement among the rich, and an insulting joy among the agitators, who purchase assignats at fifty per cent. loss, and with these obtain the national property.

Second

MAY, 22.

Second treaty with the KING of PRUSSIA.

In the name of the committee of public welfare, Treilhard announced that the principle of humanity which the Convention had substituted for the reign of terror and blood, continued to inspire foreign powers with the happiest confidence, which would remove all obstacles. The most important treaties were at that moment negotiating; their result would conduce to the peace and happiness of Europe. Those would be culpable indeed who should retard the maturity of so salutary a work.—(*Applauses*)

"This day, (continued he) your committee of public welfare has to give an account of a new treaty concluded at Basse on the 27th Floreal, (May 16) between the French Republic and the king of Prussia. That treaty relates to the terms contained in the Seventh article of the same treaty. It may be considered as the basis of a general pacification. These conditions are the neutrality of such members of the German body as withdraw their contingents from the empire and engage that they shall not furnish any troops to the enemies of the French republic. The king of Prussia guarantees this neutrality, and the open communication of the whole right bank of the Rhine. The landgrave of Hesse, Cassel, of Hesse D'armstadt, and the elector of Saxony, have adhered to this agreement and will all unite to drive out the Hanoverian troops. The object of negotiation is to remove the Theatre of war from the north of Germany, to re-establish the commercial relations, and to reduce Austria to her own force. Such of the Germanic members as will not fulfil the conditions of his treaty, will be excluded from the benefit of the neutrality.

The Reporter concluded by moving that the treaty and other papers should be printed, and that the ratification should be adjourned for three days.

MAY 26.

Laporte announced an important victory gained by the army of the Alps, under the command of General Killerman.

Several addresses of congratulation were presented to the convention, on their victory over the insurgents. The military commission established by a law of the 23d of May, condemned nearly fifty persons to death, for having participated in the insurrection.

The treaty between France and Spain, was positively signed at Madrid on the 16th of march. Austria feels herself thus exposed to all the power of the Republic with no assistance, but in the money and the marine force of England!

Thibaut has announced to the French convention, that every thing is ready for the fabrication of one hundred and fifty millions of copper money; and that it would be proper to decree that fabrication before the adoption of the new system of finances; this was accordingly decreed, and the committee ordered to report the impression and value of the coin.

The king of Prussia has been acknowledged by the convention as a mediator between France and the rest of the German princes at war, who may obtain peace on terms less or more honorable than those which he stipulated for himself.

Abbe Barthelmy, keeper of the cabinet of medals, lately died at Paris, in a very advanced age. He was nearly 80 years old, when he published the celebrated "*Voyages of Anacharsis*."

SUMMARY.

From latest accounts it appears that the Dutch Republic has declared war against Great Britain, and has entered into an alliance with France, offensive and defensive: That the Emperor of Germany has accepted the loan of 4,500,000l. sterling from England; and with 200,000 men, is to continue the war against France.

That there was a prospect of the active interference of the Empress of Russia in the war, if not checked by the Ottoman Porte, which had for a long time been making preparations for war, and was decidedly partial to the French. In short, that the war in Europe would be continued at least one campaign longer.

The latest accounts from Europe, are to the 10th of June. To the 6th letters from France, and papers from England, have been received: The former mention, that the scarcity of provisions, which had distressed France, was lessened; and that the prospects of an abundant harvest, and the early cultivation of vegetables, had greatly lowered the price of grain: That the reports of a general Peace were many, but continually fluctuating; and if a judgment can be formed from the preparations made, the war is yet long to continue. No brilliant military events, by sea or land have occurred.

The windward Islands present to the eye of the political speculator, one continued

tinued scene of massacres and revolts. Grenada, St. Vincent's and Marigalant, exhibit the same horrid spectacle, as the north part of St. Domingo. Many of the richest planters have been denounced and poisoned, by the negroes; and women of the first rank have been publicly whipped by their own servants.

The recall of Victor Hughes, whose mi-

nisters have covered these settlements with flames and blood, will probably give the two nations time to reflect on the folly of such implacable animosity, and thus save the Antilles from the greatest scourge that ever desolated the globe.

The British General Meyer, with 1200 men, has taken possession of Demarara.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

CITY of WASHINGTON, JUNE 19.

It is with much pleasure that we discover the rising consequence of our infant city. Public worship is now regularly administered at the capitol, every Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, by the Rev. Mr. Ralph, and an additional school has been opened by that gentleman, upon an extensive and liberal plan.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 27.

Benjamin Hawkins, of North-Carolina, George Clymer, of Pennsylvania, and Andrew Pickens, of South-Carolina, are appointed commissioners to hold a treaty with the Creek Indians.

The Senate of the United States have advised to the ratification of the treaty with Great Britain negotiated by Mr. Jay on condition, that an article be added, which shall suspend the operation of such parts of the 11th article, as relate to the intercourse between the United States and the British West-Indies, and the terms and conditions on which the citizens of the United States may partake of that trade.

The other articles are such as might be expected to be found in a treaty which proposes to terminate all differences between the two nations.

The WESTERN POSTS are to be given up by the 1st of June next:—There is to be a free inland communication between the people of the two nations, in the territories of each other; so that the advantages of the Indian trade may be equally enjoyed by both, excepting only the exclusive territory of the Hudson's Bay company.

Compensation is to be made to the citizens of the United States for all losses and damages by irregular or illegal capture or condemnation in every case where remedy cannot be had in the ordinary judicial course.

Compensation is to be made to British creditors for losses on debts now remain-

ing due, and which cannot be obtained from the same debtor, so far as such losses have been occasioned by legal impediments since the peace of 1783.

Prizes taken within the limits of the U. S. or by vessels armed in the U. S. are to be restored according to principles expressed in Mr. Jefferson's letter of September 5, 1792, to Mr. Hammond.

The trade to the British territories in the East-Indies, which is now enjoyed by sufferance only, is secured by stipulation, excepting the coasting trade, and excepting also, that the cargoes laden in those territories, are to be carried to America, and there unladen.

The other articles are less important, and are chiefly such, as are alike unto both parties; or such as are usually found in modern treaties.

YEAS and NAYS.

On the great question of ratifying the Treaty with Great Britain, in the Senate of the United States:

Y E A S.

Samuel Livermore (N.H.) George Cabot, Caleb Strong (Mass.) William Bradford, Theodore Foster (R.I.) Oliver Ellsworth, John Trumbull (C.) Elijah Paine, (Ver.) Rufus King (N.Y.) John Rutherford, Frederick Frelinghuysen (N. J.) James Ross, William Bingham (P.) John Vining, Henry Latimer (D.) Richard Potts, John Henry (Mary.) Humphry Marshall (K.) James Read (S.C.) James Gunn (G.)

N A Y S.

John Langdon, (N.H.) Moses Robinson (Ver.) Aaron Burr (N.Y.) Henry Tazewell, George Mason (Vir.) Alexander Martin, Timothy Bloodworth (N. C.) John Brown (K.) Pierce Butler (S.C.) James Jackson (G.)

The President of the United States, has approved of the treaty, with the modifications of the Senate.

According to the customs and usages of nations,

nations, a Treaty does not become the supreme law of the land, until the ratifications by the contracting parties are exchanged.

APPOINTMENTS—By Authority.

John Davis of Plymouth, Massachusetts, Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury. William Nichols, Marshal of Pennsylvania. Fulwas Skipwith, Consul General of the United States in France. Dudley Atkins Tyng, Collector of Newburyport, vice Edward Wigglesworth, superseded. Benjamin Hawkins, George Clymer, and Andrew Pickens, commissioners for settling differences with the Creek Indians.

B O S T O N.

The Anniversary of the day, on which America was declared FREE, SOVEREIGN and INDEPENDENT, was celebrated this year, with increased demonstrations of joy.

An oration was delivered at Boston, by Mr. George Blake, amid shouts of reiterated applause.

THE GOVERNOR—being complimented by the agents of the Commonwealth for building the intended State-House, with laying the corner-stone. His Excellency requested the assistance of the Grand Lodge.—Accordingly, on Saturday July 4th. the Lodges assembled at the Representatives chamber, and proceeded in masonic order, to the *Old South Meeting-House*, to attend the Oration. After which the whole proceeded in masonic order to the spot intended for the edifice; and the procession being opened, the Agents, His Excellency the Governor, the Grand Lodge, Lt. Governor, &c. passed through; and, the operative masons having prepared the Stone, his Excellency laid it, with the assistance of the Grand and Deputy Grand Master, after having deposited thereunder a silver plate, bearing the following

INSCRIPTION—

This Corner Stone of a Building,
intended for the use of the *Legislative*,
and *Executive* branches of GOVERNMENT
of the

Commonwealth of MASSACHUSETTS,
was laid by

His Excellency SAMUEL ADAMS, Esq.
Governor of said Commonwealth:

Assisted by the most Worshipful PAUL
REVERE,

Grand-Master,

And the Right Worshipful WILLIAM
SCOLLAY,

Deputy Grand Master,

The Grand Wardens and brethren
of the
GRAND LODGE of MASSACHUSETTS,
On the FOURTH Day of JULY,
AN. DOM. 1795.

A. L. 5795.

Being the XXth Anniversary of AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

On Wednesday July 15, the anniversary commencement was held at the University at Cambridge; when thirty nine young gentlemen received the degree of Bachelor of arts.

The degree of master of arts was conferred on an equal number.

The exercises of the day were in the usual stile of literary entertainment and merit.

Bachelors of Medicine.

Mr. William Dix: The subject of his inaugural Dissertation, was the Dropsy.

Mr. Frederic May: His inaugural dissertation was on the Lock-Jaw.

Doctor in Medicine.

Dr. John Fleet: The subject of his English Dissertation, was the *Syphilis, or Nervous Fever*, and his Latin Dissertation was entitled "*Dissertatio in augurali Medica sistens observationes ad Chirurgiae operationes pertinentes.*"

M A R R I A G E S.

Boston.—Mr. Levi Lane, to Mrs. Lane; Mr. Jonathan Snelling, to Miss Lydia Symmes.

Malden. Rev. T. C. Thacher, of Lynn, to Miss Elizabeth Blancy.

Melford. Duncan Ingraham, Esq. of Concord, to Mrs. Elizabeth Tufts, widow of the late Dr. Tufts.

Stockbridge. Mr. Joseph Barrell, jun. of Boston, to Miss Electa Bingham.

D E A T H S.

Boston. Mr. Stephen Greenleaf, 30; Capt. Caleb Hayden, 55; Mrs. Sarah Bradshaw, 42; Mrs. Elizabeth Hughes, 76; Mr. James Cleverly, 31; Miss Elizabeth Wakeman Selby, 17; Miss Sally Hastings, 14; Miss Betsey Lilley, 15; Mr. Benjamin Sumner, 85; Mr. Philip W. Smith, of Halifax; Mrs. Grace Blake; Mr. James Dyer, 25; Miss Elizabeth Green, 80.

Dedham. Mrs. Sarah Dupee, 55.

Ipswich. Mrs. Elizabeth Farley, 69.

Waltham. Mr. Leonard Cushing, 23.

District of Maine. Mr. John Sullivan, at the advanced age of 105 years, father of the Hon. James Sullivan, of Boston.

Philadelphia. Capt. Robert D. Coolidge, of Boston. His demise was occasioned by a stroke of the sun, on his passage from Hispaniola.